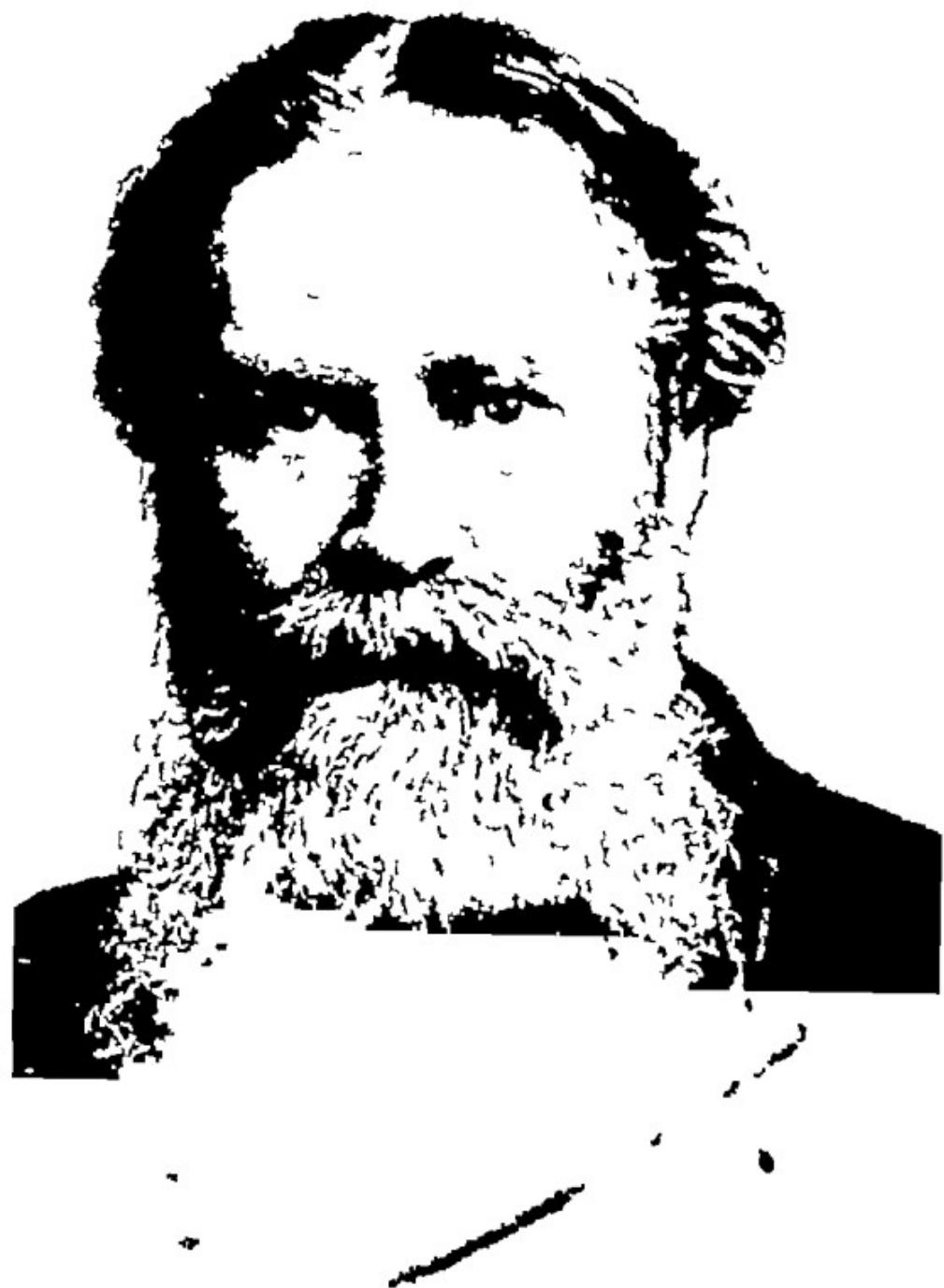


**POEMS BY
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL**



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

POEMS

BY

JAMES RUSSELL
LOWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

HILAIRE BELLOC

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INTRODUCTION

to satisfying and fulfilling the mould upon which the artistic creation was conceived Lines of this sort become the permanent quotations of a language and it is worth remembering that they do not proceed from the greater writers alone but also from the lesser so true is this that in more than one case the author of such lines has been completely forgotten and in many cases remains wholly unknown to the culture of his race

John P
Robinson he
Says they didn't know everything down
in Judee

is a quotation certainly permanent

The silent headman waits for ever

applied as a metaphor to the self punishment of crime has the same character It is used foolishly in the poem *Tilla Franna* of a subject which a man in Lowell's position could not understand, but the excellence of the line does not depend upon the knowledge or ignorance of the poet though it *does* depend (and this brings me to my next point) It does depend to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer

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This last assertion—that artistic excellence depends to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer—is a doctrine that needs some defence even at the present day. A few years ago it might (in England) have seemed mere paradox, yet it is a sound doctrine, and one which has behind it the common sense and experience of mankind. It has been most nobly expressed perhaps in the immortal couplet of Ronsard¹. It has been put forward as a philosophic truth by Aristotle himself, and it is a matter capable of continual test in contemporary literature—not that mere virtue is a seed of good verse or prose, but that virtue or virtuous emotion of a certain intensity is potentially full of high expression, and, conversely, without any doubt an imagination tarnished by an opposition to virtue is to that extent warped in artistic expression. There is no permanently satisfying poem or essay in defence of or tainted with cowardice, cruelty, avarice, or hypocrisy. The moment such motives appear in a composition an irritant appears along with them which destroys its flavour. Nor is it possible to achieve

¹" Ceux dont la Fantaisie
Sera religieuse et devote envers Dieu
Tousjours acheveront quelque grant Poesie"

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excellence in such a direction save under the safeguard of irony and the necessity of that irony is proof that direct expression of such emotions is not matter for art.

Now James Russell Lowell though intent upon matters very remote from us was not only frequently filled, and to an intense degree with just emotions but was evidently possessed of a passion to have those emotions satisfied. This is that driving force which Our Lord (according to the tradition of the Church) blessed under the title "a hunger and thirst after justice" or some such words—at least this is the form which Episcopal councils have sanctioned.

Many reading this may be inclined to quarrel with so high a praise. They will point out that Lowell was almost invariably upon what is to us in Europe the wrong side. That he had with regard to our affairs in France and Italy and Ireland and the rest a monstrous newspaper manufactured opinion His Irishman for instance is the comic Irishman of *Snap-shots* His French revolution resembles that of Mr Arnold Forster His English man is a Yankee. I can imagine a critic exclaiming But good heavens! the man thought that Napoleon III was in league with the Jesuits!" or again But good

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heavens! the man was taken in by our governing classes' sudden conversion and their hugging of the North when the South was hopelessly beaten!" Perfectly true. But a virtuous emotion is quite independent of information upon the subject of its affection, and that "hunger and thirst after justice" can but act upon symbols in the mind. If a man *thinks* the things are thus and thus, and thinking so takes the right line, it matters nothing to his soul nor anything consequently to his literary production whether they *are* thus and thus or no. His conscience has acted upon the facts presented to his intelligence, and it could do no more.

Attached to this erroneous form of evil against Lowell and men like Lowell is a much truer exception which is sometimes taken to such men and their work. How, it may be asked, can good verse proceed from one who, though possessing the emotions just described, and to an intense degree, is also affected with mental vices utterly inimical to poetic effort? It is evident that Lowell suffered from two vices (among others) which are as disastrous to poetic inspiration as they are to the allied enthusiasm of military valour. These are, *first*, the vice so wittily hit off by Butler

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as compounding for ~~sins~~ one is inclined to by damning those one has no mind to
secondly the hatred of that which one has defeated and the respect of that which has defeated oneself Both emotions are rooted in the same religion and philosophy both are despicable and both servile Those who can savour striking verse will not despise the antepenultimate stanza of the tenth Biglow paper

My eyes cloud up for sun; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' round the corners;
I pity mothers, ta, down South
For all they set among the scorners!
I'd sooner take my chance and stan
At Judgment where your master slave is,
Then at God's bat' bol' up a han'
Ex drippin' red ex yours Jeff Davis!

It is striking verse, but we in Europe feel how revolting is that last allusion to the defeated cause and to the heroic tenacity of its chiefs.

The poem is a fine poem from beginning to end It is so fine that any reader unacquainted with the main facts of history might pass by the line in question without comment and imagine Mr Davis to have been some traitor upon the Northern side whose treason had prolonged the war

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mutton fat popped into the mouth by mistake for a new potato

Here it is—

“Old events have modern meanings, only that survives

Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives”

Scansion, sentiment, choice of words, order, everything, are things to groan at! Here is another

“Then the revulsion came that always comes
After these dizzy elations of the mind”

It is from that long poem on the Cathedral of Chartres, which from respect for him and for the reader I have omitted from this collection

He was always at it But my answer to those who might choose to quote the innumerable occasions upon which Lowell was thus guilty is to quote another stanza, and to beg their close attention upon it It is from the famous *Ode to France*

“As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noiseless
snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin
launches,
In unwarned havoc on the reefs below,

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So grew and gathered through the silent
years
The madness of a people.

Here again the history is deplorable—but much of the verse is excellent. That very poem of *The Cathedral* from which I have quoted that amazing couplet has embedded in its monstrous bulk eleven austere words that do not miss their mark.

A shape of vapour mother of vain dreams
And mutinous traditions.

Lowell indeed was possessed (though not to a high degree nor upon frequent occasions) of that gift which his fellow countryman Longfellow remarkably enjoyed the gift of detecting while a poem is still in formation within the mind, short groups of rhythm and of verbal arrangement which will satisfy the genius of the language. It was this that led him as it led Wordsworth to lift unconsciously a whole line out of another poem. But at least Lowell did put in one new word. I have loved thee Freedom as a boy " is not absolutely identical with Byron whereas the chunk of Milton in Wordsworth's *Excursion* (I think) is literally exact. It is a debatable point whether it is well or ill

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to be slightly original in efforts of this kind

Lastly, how much of Lowell will survive? To this no answer can be given. There are poets so long dead, and with reputations so mature, that, big or little, they must necessarily endure with the language in which they wrote. There are others so universally praised during so sufficient a time that one may be certain of their endurance also, as Keats and André Chénier. There are others again who, though they be but recently dead (or even still living), are by the bulk and solidity of their contemporary fame secure. Thus Byron, Victor Hugo, Dryden, Corneille could justly be thought immortal before they died. There are others, a very few, who gradually grow to fame long after death. Their quality always secures them a band of enthusiasts from the beginning. Lowell, of course, belongs to none of these, but the chances for and against his survival may be summed up, though no issue may be arrived at. They are as follows —

Against him that he wrote such masses below the level even of mere verse, that much of his best stuff was written in dialect, and worst of all that the illusions, a sympathy with which made so many

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readers sympathetic with his verse good or bad are already moribund. The fond picture nourished for a whole generation in Cambridge Massachusetts, in Balham and in no small section of the university of Oxford has faded. The future is not to the middle classes of the puritan states of New England nor to "the residential suburbs" of our industrial hells. The future is to the victor in a struggle of proportions quite beyond any scale with which men like Lowell could measure—a struggle in which the opponents of the Catholic Church for instance, will not worry about "enlightenment" nor waste much time in specifying before Garibaldi a struggle in which the opponents of private property in land and machinery will not waste much ink over the Prince of Peace. Lowell is handicapped by his being immersed in interests that were always petty and seem to-day ridiculous. He was further handicapped by that fundamental ignorance of history which is to a politician the most fatal lacuna in knowledge because history is the science of mankind.

On the other hand he has provided quotations fairly fixed in the language, and his is the principal popular commentary upon the destruction of the old English

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civilization of the Southern States of America, a catastrophe which, whatever be the fate of the cosmopolitan North in the future, will always possess historical interest as one of the three or four great National Tragedies of the nineteenth century

H. BELLOC

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"Thrash away,
you'll hev to
rattle" ♂ ♂

Thrash away you'll ~~hev~~ to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn —
Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn
Put in stuff you fifer feller
Let folks see how spry you be --
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best —
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a sojer's chest
Senco we farmers hev to pay fer't.
Ef you must wear humps like these
S'posin you should try salt hay fer't
It would du ex slick ex grease.

"Twouldn't suit them Southun sellers
They're a drefle grasplin set
(1907) 1 2

"THRASH AWAY"

We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het,
May be it's all right ez preachin',
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled,—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain in' flat,
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that,
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airy
Ef you want to take in God

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight,

YOU'LL HEV TO RATTLE

If you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a seller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it
God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath wet or dry
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it is poaty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats —
But it's curus Christian dooty
Thas ere cuttin' folks' throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face —
It's a grand gret cemetary
For the borthrights of our race
They jest want this California
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye an' to scorn ye
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take such everlastin' pains,
All to git the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on em weld their chains?
Wy it's jest ez clear ez figgers
Clear ez one an' one make two,

"THRASH AWAY"

Chaps that make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart,
Labourin' man an' labourin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame
Ev'y thin' that's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same

'Tain't by turnin' out to haxx folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon~~s~~ by wite,
Slavery ain't o' nary colour,
'Tain't the hide that makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye? •
I expect you'll hev to wait,
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late,
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

YOU'LL HEV TO RATTLE"

Jest go home an ask our Nancy
Wether I'd be such a goose
Ex to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption
Let alone the hay's to mow —
Ef you're arter folks o gumption
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin
Like a cockerel three months old —
Don't ketch any on em goin
Though they be so blasted bold
Aint they a prime lot o sellers?
Fore they think on't they will sprout
(Like a peach they's got the yellers)
With the meanness bustin out.

Wal go long to help em stealin
Bigger pens to cram with slaves
Help the men thet's ollers dealin •
Insults on your fathers graves
Help the strong to grind the feeble
Help the many agin the few
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an poddlun crew!

Massachusetts God forgive her
She's akneelin' with the rest

"THRASH AWAY"

She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest,
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your coloured seamen?
Hain't they made your env'y's wiz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six

•

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoochers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own,
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mough,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South —

"I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus'o' man,

YOU'LL HEV TO RATTLE

Call me coward, call me traiter
Jest ez suits your mean idees —
Here I stand a tyrant-hater
An the friend o God an Peace!"

If I d my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an part
They take one wny we take t other
Guess it wouldn't break my heart
Man hed ough to put anunder
Them that God has noways jined
An I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there s thousands o my mind.

This kind o' sogerin'



A LETTER FROM MR
B SAWIN, PRIVATE IN
THE MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT

This kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our
October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from there
ef't only looked like rainin',
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their
shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-
room with their banners
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a
feller could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu
much rum an' water
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'r' I an'
Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall,
along o' the Cornwallis?
This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like that,—I
wish that I wuz furder,—
Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes
kind o' low fer murde!,

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

(Wy I've worked out to slarterin some
fer Deacon Cephas Billins,
An in the hardest times there wuz I
ollers totched ten shillins.)

There's gutthin gits into my throat that
makes it hard to swaller

It comes so natural to think about a
bempen collar

It's glory — but in spite o all my tryin
to git callous,

I feel a kind o in a cart ardin to the
gallus.

But wen it comes to ~~boss~~ killed, — I tell
ye I felt streaked

The fust time't ever I found out wy
baggonets wuz peaked

Here's how it waz I started out to go
to a fandango

The sentinel he ups an sex "That's
furder an you can go."

"None o your ~~same~~" sex I sex ho
Stan back!" "Ain't you a buster?"

Sex I I'm up to all that air I guess
I've ben to muster

I know wy sentinel air sot you ain't
agoin to eat us

Caleb haint no monopoly to court the
seenoreetas

My folks to hum air full ez good ez huon
be by golly!"

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin'
wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-
pronged pitchfork in me
An' made a hole right thru my close
ez ef I wuz an in'my

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin'
in ole Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword
to our Leftenant Cunnele,
(It's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ
the prize peace essay,
Thet's wy he didn't list himself along
o' us, I dessay,) An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but
don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life's so sacred that he's
principled agin it,— Though I myself can't rightly see it's any
wus achokin' on 'em,
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or
with a bagnet pokin' on 'em,
How drefle slick he reeled it off (like
Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick
you skeercely see 'em),
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons
would be handy •

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

To du the buryin down here upon the
Rio Grandy)
About our patriotic pas an our star
spangled banner
Our country's bird alookin on an singin
out hosanner
An how he (Mister B himself) wuz happy
fer Ameriky —
I felt ex nister Patience sex, a leetle mute
histericky
I felt, I swon, ex though it wuz a dresfle
kind o privilege
A trampin round thru Boston streets
amoong the gutter's drivelage
I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear
a little drummin
An it did bohyfidy seem millanyum wuz
acommin
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them
wore in the state prison)
An every feller felt ex though all Mexico
wuz his.

Thus 'ere's about the meanest place a
skunk could wal diskiver
(Saltillo's Mexican I b'lieve fer wut we
call Salt-river)
The sort o trash a feller gits to eat
does beat all nater

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one
good blue-nose tater,
The country here thet Mister Bolles de-
clared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarinin' with the most
alarmin' kind o' varmin
He talked about delishis froots, but then
it wuz a wopper all,
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears,
with here an' there a chiapparal,
You see a seller peckin' out, an', fust
you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse,
'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it
may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabaeus pilularius*
big ez a year old elephant),
The rigiment come up one day in time
to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunne Wright,
—'twuz jest a common *cimex lectu-*
larius

One night I started up on eend an'
thought I wuz to hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the
fisherman hez come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm
a livin' creeter,

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I felt a thing go thru my leg — twuz
nothin more'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yaller fever tu they call
it here el vomito —
(Come, that wun't du you landcrab there
I tell ye to le go my toe!
My gracious! it's a scorpion that's took a
shine to play with'
I darmin't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear
he'd run away with't.)
Afore I come away from hum I hed
a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans — an
orang-outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an never
dream oo't arter
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs that
he hed bed to slarter;
I d an idea that they were built arter the
darkie fashion all,
An kickin coloured folks about you
know 's a kind o' national;
But wen I flined I worn't so wise ez that
air queen o' Sheby
Fer come to look at em they ain't much
diff'rent from wut we be
An here we air ascroughin em out o'
thir own dominions
As shelterin em ez Caleb sez, under our
eagle's p'illions

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

Wich means to take a feller up just by
the slack o's trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o'
all his homes an' houses,
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then
hooraw fer Jackson!
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar
Anglo-Saxon
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say,
they piz'n all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things that isn't
wut they ough' to,
Bein' they hain't no lead, they make their
bullets out o' copper
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu,
wich Caleb sez ain't proper,
He sez they'd ough' to stan' right up an'
let us pop 'em fairly
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at that he'll
hev to git up airly),
Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an' so
its rights air bigger,
An' that it's all to make 'em free that
we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin'
'em to pieces,
An' that idee's that every man doos jest
wut he damn pleases,
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, per-
haps in some respex I 'can,

THIS KIND O' SOGGIN'

I know that "every man" don't mean
a nigger or a Mexican
An there's another thung I know an that
is ef these creatures
They stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto
State prison feetur
Should come to jailam Centre fer to
argify an spout on't
The gals ould count the silver spoons the
minnit they cleared out on't

This gonn ware glory waits ye hain't one
agreeable feetur
An ef it worn't fer wakin snakes I'd
homb agin short meter
O wouldn't I be off quick time ef'n
worn't that I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into me to pay
me fer dessartin!
I don't approve o tellin tales but jest to
you I may state
Our ossifers ain't wut they wuz afore they
left the Bay State
Then it wuz Mister Sawin sir you're
middlin well now be ye?
Step up an take a nipper sir I'm dresfle
glad to see ye"
But now it's Ware's my eppylet? here
Sawin, step an fetch it!

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or,
damn ye, you shall ketch it!"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will
bile so, but by mighty,

Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give
'em linkum vity,

I'd play the rogue's march on their hides
an' other music follerin'—

But I must close my letter here, fer one
on 'em's ahollerin',

These Anglo-Saxon ossifers,—wal, 'tain't
no use ajawin',

I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN

What Mr Robinson Thinks

Guvener B is a sensible man

He stays to his home an looks arter
his folks

He draws his furrer ev straight ev he
can

An into nobodys tater-patch pokes
But John P
Robinson he

Sex he wun't vote fer Guvener B

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o course —
the's flat

Guess we shall hav to come round (don't
you?)

An go in fer thunder an guns an all
that

Fer John P
Robinson he

Sex he wun't vote fer Guvener B.
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WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

General C is a dressle smart man
He's ben on all sides thet give places or
pelf,
But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet
is himself,—
So John P
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C

General C he goes in fer the war,
He don't vally princerple more'n an old
cud,
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs
fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin
war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint,

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

But John P
Robinson he
Sex this kind o things an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must offens be
took,

An President Polk, you know *he* is
our country

An the angel that writes all our sins in
a book

Puts the *debit* to him an to us the *per
country*

But John P
Robinson he

Sex this is his view o the thing to a
T

Parson Wilbur he calls all these arguments
lies

Sex they're nothin on earth but jest *see
few fun*

An that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an t'other half
rum

But John P
Robinson he

Sex it ain't no such thing an of
course so must we

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes,

But John P
Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough,

Fer John P
Robinson he

Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

No? Hex he?
He hain't,
though?



NOTICES OF INCREASE
D. O'FLAHERTY, ESQUIRE, AT
THE INSTRUMENT CATCHES
IN STATE STREET BE
POSTED BY MR. H. MCGOWAN

No? Hex he? He hain't, though? Wut?
Voted agin him?
Ef the bird of pur country could ketch
him, she'd skin him
I seem s though I see her with wrath in
each quill,
Like a chancery lawyer aslin ber bill
An gradin ber talents ex sharp ex all nater
To pounce like a writ on the back o the
traitor
Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het
But a crisis like this must with vigour
be met
Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner
bestains,
Holl Fourth o Julys seem to bite in my
veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous
rig

Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose
fer a Wig?

"We knowed wut his princerbles wuz 'fore
we sent him"?

Wut wuz there in them from this vote to
pervent him?

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our princerbles
swaller,

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the
belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the
pelican,

Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is
stranger)

Puts her family into her pouch wen
there's danger

Ain't princerple precious? then, who's
goin' to use it

Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin'
up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is so sure
Ez thet princerple kind o' gits spiled by
exposure,

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git a
sight on't

Ough' to hev it all took right away,
every mite on't,

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

If he can't keep it all to himself wen it's
wise to
He ain't one its fit to trust nothin so
nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power in
latitude
To shift a man's moral relations an atti-
tude
Some classifiers think that a fakkilty's
granted
The minnit it's proved to be thoroughly
wanted
Thet a change o demand makes a change
o condition
An that everythin's nothin except by
position
Ex, fer instance that rubber trees fast
begun bearin
Wen p'litikle conshunces come into wearin
Thet the fears of a monkey whose bolt
chanced to fall
Drawed, the vertibry cut to a prehensile
tail
So wen one's chose to Congress ex soon
ex he's in it,
A collar grows right round his neck in a
minnit,
An sartin it is that a man cannot be
strict

NOP HEZ HE?

In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Dee-
strict,
Fer a coat that sets wal here in ole Mas-
sachusetts,
Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow
askew sets

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield
Convention?

Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to
mention,

Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally
keep ill,

They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes
o' the people,

A parcel o' delligits jest git together
An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the
weather,

Then, comin' to order, they squabble
awile

An' let off the speeches they're ferful'll
spile,

Then—Resolve,—Thet we wun't hev an
inch o' slave territory,

Thet Presidunt Polk's holl perceedins air
very tory,

Thet the war is a damned war, an' them
that enlist in it

Should hev a cravat with a dresle tight
twist in it,

HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

Thet the war is a war fer the spreadin
o slavery
Thet our army deserves our best thanks
fer their bravery
Thet we're the original friends o the
nation,
All the rest air a paltry an base fabrica-
tion
Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B an
C
An ex deeply despise Messrs. E F an G
In this way they go to the end o the
chapter
An then they bust out in a kind of a
raptur
About their own vartoo an folks stone-
blindness
To the men that could actilly do em a
kindness,—
The American eagle, — the Pilgrims that
landed —
Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally
stranded.
Wal, the people they listen an say
 That's the ticket
Ex fer Mexico tain't no great glory to
lick it,
But 'twould be a darned shame to go
 pullin o triggers
To extord the artes of abusin the niggers.

NO? HEZ HE?

So they march in percessions, an' git up
hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o'
the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the
prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the holders
of offices,
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably
seated,
One humbug's victor'ous an' t'other de-
feated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest what
he axes,
An' the people,—their annoosal soft-sodder
an' taxes

Now, to keep unimpaired all these glorious
feeturs
Thet characterise morril an' reasonin'
creeturs,
Thet give every paytriot all he can cram,
Thet oust the untrustworthy President
Flam,
An' stick honest President Sham in his
place,
To the manifest gain o' the holl human
race,
An' to some indervidgewals on't in par-
tickler,

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Who love Public Opinion an' know how
to tickle her —
I say that a party with gret aims like
these
Must stick jest as close as a hove full o'
bees.

I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind
o' wrong

It often unpop'lar an never gets pitied
Because it's a crime no one never com-
mitted

But he mus'n't be hard on partickler
sins,

or then he'll be kickin' the people's own
shins.

So y look at the Demmercrats, see wut
they've done

Just simply by stickin' together like fun
They've sucked us right into a mua able
war

That no one on earth isn't responsible
for

They've run us a hundred cool millions
in debt

(An fer Demmerocrat Horners ther's good
plums left yet)

They talk agin taryiffs, but act fer a
high one,

NOP HEZ HE?

An' so coax all parties to built up their Zion,
To the people they're ollers er slick er
molasses,
An' butter their bread on both sides with
The Masses,
Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way
of a joke,
Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon
Polk

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs might
enjoy,
Ef they'd gumption enough the right
means to employ,
Fer the silver spoon born in Democracy's
mouth
Is a kind of a stringe that they hev to
the South,
Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em
an' walc 'em,
An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to
Balaam,
In this way they screw into second-rate
offices
Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould sub-
stract too much off his ease,
The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they, by
their wiles,
Unlike the old viper, grpw fat on their
files

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wat the Wigs hav been tryin to grab
all this prey frum em
An to hook this nice spoon o good fortun
away frum em
An they might ha succeeded, ez likely
ez not,
In Nekin the Demmercats all round the
lot,
Ef it warn't that wile all faithful Wigs
were their knees on
Some stuffy old codger would holler out,
— *Treason!*
You must keep a sharp eye on a dog that
hev bit you once,
An *I ain't agoin to cheat my consti*
toounts”— •
Ven every fool knows that a man repre-
sents
Not the sellers that sent him but them
on the fence,—
Impartially ready to jump either side
An make the fast use of a turn o the
tide.—
The waiters on Providence here in the
city
Who compose wut they call a State Cen-
terl Committee
Constitoounts air bendy to help a man in
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a
pin.

NOP HEZ HE?

Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle
Sam's pus,
So they've nothin' to du with't fer better
or wus,
It's the folks thet air kind o' brought up
to depend on't
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the
end on't

Now here wuz New England ahev'in' the
honour
Of a chance at the Speakership showered
upon her,—
Do you say, "She don't want no more
Speakers, but fewer,
She's hed plenty o' them, wut she wants
is a *doer*"?
Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorious in
town
Thet her own representatives du her quite
brown
But thet's nothin' to du with it, wut
right hed Palfrey
To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?
Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot
an' cold blowin',
Acondemnin' the war wilst we kep' it
agooin'?
We'd assumed with gret skill a com-
mandin' position,

HE HAV T THOUGH?

On this side or thet no one couldn't tell
wich one,
So wutever side wipped wed a chance
at the plunder
An could sue fer infringin our paytentd
thunder
We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz
eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo hed stay unintel
ligible.
Wal sposin we hed to gulp down our
perfessions,
We were ready to come out next mornin
with fresh ones
Besides, ef we did 'twas our business
alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with
our own?
An ef a man can wen pervisions hev riz
so
Eat up his own words it's a marcy it is so

Wy these chaps from the North with
back bones to em darn em
'Ould be wuth more an Gentle Tom
Thumb is to Barnum
Ther's enough thet to office on thls very
plan grow
By exhibatin how very small a man can
grow

NO² HEZ HE²

But an M C frum here ollers hastens to
state he

Belongs to the order called invertebraty,
Wence some gret filologists judge primy
fashy

Thet M C is M T by paronomashy,
An' these few exceptions air *loosus nay-*
tury

Folks 'ould put down their quarters to
stare at, like fury

It's no use to open the door o' success,
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or
less,

Wy, all o' them grand constitootional
pillers

Our forefathers fetched with 'em over the
billers,

Them pillers the people so soundly hev
slep' on,

Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they
were swep' on,

Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep'
mountin'

(Though I guess folks'll stare wen she
hends her account in),

Ef members in this way go kickin' agin
'em,

They wun't hev so much e^r a feather left
in 'em

HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

An *ex* fer this Palfrey we thought wen
wed gut him in
Hed go kindly in wutever harness we
put him in
Supposin we *did* know that he wuz a
peace man?
Does he think he can be Uncle Sammie's
policeman
An wen Sam gits tipsy an kicks up a
riot,
Lead him off to the lockup to snooze till
he's quiet?
Wy the war is a war that true paytriots
can bear ef
It leads to the fat promised land of a
tariff
We don't go an fight it nor ain't to be
driv on
Nor Demmercrats nuther that hev wut
to live on
Ef it ain't jest the thing that's well pleasin
to God,
It makes us thought highly on elsewhere
abroad;
The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in
his eene
An shakes both his heads wen he hears
o Montserry
In the Tower Victory sets all of a
fluster

NO? HEZ HE?

An' reads, with locked doors, how we
won Cherry Buster,
An' old Philip Lewis—thet come an' kep'
school here
Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler
On the tenderest part of our kings *in futuro*—
Hides his crown underneath an old shut
in his bureau,
Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o'
merry kings,
How he often hed hided young native
Amerrikins,
An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his
fooleries,
Sneaks down stairs to bolt the front door
o' the Tooleries

You say, "We'd ha' scared 'em by grow-
in' in peace,
A plaguy sight more then by bobberies
like these"?
Who is it dares say thet our 'naytional
eagle
Wun't much longer be classed with the
birds thet air regal,
Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she, arter
this slaughter,
'll bring back a bill ten times longer'n
she'd ough' to?

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wut's your name? Come I see ye you
up-country feller
You've put me out several times with your
feller
Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I say
nothin furder
Thet feller would like nothin better'n a
murder
He's a traiter blasphemer an wut ruther
worse is,
He puts all his ath'ism in dreffle bad
verses
Society ain't safe till sech monsters ar out
on it
Refer to the Post ef you hav the least
doubt on it;,
Wy he goes agin war agin indirect taxes
• Agin sellin wild lands copt to settlers
with axes,
Agin holdin o slaves though he knows
it's the corner
Our libbaty rests on, the mis able scorner!
In short, he would wholly upset with his
ravages
All thet keeps us above the brute critters
an savages,
An pitch into all kinds o' briles an confusions
The holl of our civerlized free Institu-
tions *

NOP HEZ HE?

He writes fer thet ruther unsafe print,
the Courier,
An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to
Foorier,
I'll be —, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,
Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a
pest,
I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too
fervent
Good mornin', my friends, I'm your most
humble servant

The Debate in the Sennit

NOT TO A STORY SONG

Here we stan on the Constitution by
thunder!

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushills o'
proofs.

For how could we trample on it so I
wonder

Eft worn't that it's allers under our
hoofs?" *

See John C Calhoun see he
Human rights hain't no more
Right to come on this floor
No more'n the man in the moon,"
see he.

The North hain't no kind o' bliness
with nothln

An you've no idea how much bother it
saves

We ain't none riled by their frettin an
frothin

We're used to layin the string oa our
slaves,"

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Foote,

“I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn
spoon!” sez he

“Freedom’s Keystone is Slavery, thet
ther’s no doubt on,

It’s sutthin’ thet’s—wha’ d’ye call it?—
divine,—

An’ the slaves thet we ollers *make* the
most out on

Air them north o’ Mason an’ Dixon’s
line,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Fer all thet,” sez Mangum,

“Twould be better to hang ‘em,

An’ so git red on ‘em soon,” sez he

“The mass ough’ to labour an’ we lay
on soffies,

Thet’s the reason I want to spread
Freedom’s aree, “

It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An’ reelises our Maker’s orig’nal idee,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Thet’s ez plain,” sez Cass,

“Ez thet some one’s an ass,

It’s ez clear ez the sun is at noon,”
sez he

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Now don't go to say I'm the friend o
oppres^{sion}

But keep all your spare breath fer
coolin' your broth

Fer I ollers hev strova (at least that's my
impression)

To make cussed free with the rights o
the North."

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —
"Yes," sez Davis o Miss.

The perfection o bliss
Is in skinnin' that same old coon!"
sez he.

Slavery's a thing that depends on com-
plexion

It's God's law that settens on black
skins don't chafe

Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our connable body'd be safe?

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —

Sez Mister Hannegan

Afore he began agin

That exception is quite oppertoon!"
sez he.

Gen'le Cass Sir you needn't be twitch
in your collar

Your merit's quite clear by the dut on
your knees,

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

At the North we don't make no distinctions o' colour,

You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wun'thev to larn agin,

They all on 'em know the old toon,"
sez he

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin',

North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance,

No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,

I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split)
'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' permiscoous Ned,"

THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE

Sez John C Calhoun sez he —

"Yes the North," sez Colquitt

If we Southerners all quit

Would go down like a busted balloon "
sez he.

Jest look wut is doin wut annoyky's
brewin

In the beautiful clime o the olive an vine
All the wise aristocracy's a tumblin to ruin
An the sarkylots drodin an drinkin
their wine "

Sez John C Calhoun sez he —

"Yes" sez Johnson in France

They're beginnin to dance
Belizebub's own rigadoon," sez he

The South's safe enough it don't feel
a mite skeery

Our slaves in their darkness an dut
air tu blest

Not to welcome with proud hallylujers
the cry

When our eagle kicks youm from the
naytional nest "

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he —

"Oh" sez Westcott o Florida

Wut treason is horrider

Then our pov'leges tryin to proon?"
sez he

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen
crazy sarpints

Stick their nose in our bizness, we git
so darned riled,

We think it's our dooty to give poooty
sharp hints,

Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth
sha'n't be spiled,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

"Ah," sez Dixon H Lewis,

"It perfectly true is

Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon,"
sez he

The Pious Editor's Creed



I du believe in Freedom's cause
Ex fur awny ex Payris us
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an triggers —
But libbatty's a kind o thlog
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an coffees,
Thet nothjn ain't extravagunt —
Pus'ndin I m in office
Fer I bev loved my country seaco
My eye-teeth filled their sockets
An Uncle Sam I reverence
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in any plan
O levylin the taxes

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes,
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthodox conditions,—
I mean nine thousan' dolls per ann ,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin',
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ,
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on,
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on,

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his
An gives a good sured junk to all —
I don't care how hard money is
Ex long ex mine • paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press • freedom
To pint the people to the goal
An in the traces lead em
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin
An withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin !

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's hisn unto Caesar
Fer it • by him I move an live
From him my bread an cheese air
I du believe thet all ol me
Doth bear his superscription,—
Will conscience, honour honesty
An things o thet description.

I du believe in prayer an praise
To him thet ber the grantin
O jobs,—in every thin thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN
This doth my cup with marches fill
This lays all thought o sin to rest,—

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin',
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke, precedunt,
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n'
ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

In short, I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hav a solid rally
This beth my faithful shepherd ben
In pasture sweet beth fed me
An this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hav fed me.

A Letter from a Candidate for the Presidency



Dear Sir,—You wish to know my notions
On sartin pints thet rile the land,
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand,
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' crctetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
It is a nose thet wun't be led

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come direcly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint,
I ain't agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,

A LETTER

Nor I ain't one my sense to scatter
So'st no one couldn't pick it out,
My love fer North an' South is equil,
So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
No matter wut may be the sequil,—
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I ain't one thet ary test shuns
'll give our folks a helpin' shove,
Kind o' permiscoous I go it
Fer the holl country, an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges,
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
An' not go knockin' out the wedges
To ketch his fingers in the tree,
Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
Thet preudunt farmers don't turn
out,—
Ez long'z the people git their rattle,
Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, 'there's no confusion
In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
I think they air an Institution,
A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem

A LETTER

Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I'm **RIGHT**, although to speak I'm
lawth,
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North

"I spose you
wonder ware
I be"



A second letter from
a lawy'r boy.

I spose you wonder ware I be I can't
tell fer the soul o me
Exactly ware I be myself —meanin by
that the hell o me.
Wen I left hum I hed two legs, an they
worn't bad fance neither
(The scaliest trick they ever played wuz
bringin on me hither)
Now one on em's I dunno ware —they
thought I wuz adyin
An sawed it off because they said twuz
kin o mortifyin
I'm willin to believe it wuz, an yit I
don't see nuther
Wy one should take to feelin cheap a
minnit sooner'n t'other
Sence both wuz equilly to blame but
things is ex they be
It took on so' they took it off an that's
enough fer me

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

There's one good thing, though, to be
said about my wooden new one,—
The liquor can't get into it ez't used to
in the true one,
So it saves drink, an' then, besides, a
feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers
sober peg,
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer
follerin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest
to Kingdom Come

I've lost one eye, but that's a loss it's
easy to supply ‘
Out o' the glory that I've gut, fer that
is all my eye,
An' one is big enough, I guess, by dil-
gently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay
fer losin' it,
Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer all our
thumps an' kickins,
Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the
fattest pickins,
So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn
to go without it,
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put
out about it

WARE I BE

Now le me see, that isn't all I used
fore leavin Jaslem
To count things on my finger-eends, but
suthin seems to ail em
Ware's my left hand? Oh darn it, yes,
I recollect wut's come on't;
I hain't no left arm but my right an
that's just a thumb on't
It ain't so bendy ex it wuz to cal'late a
~~sum on t~~
I've had some ribs broke,—six (I b'lleve)
—I hain't kep no account on em
Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll
settle the amount on em.
An now I'm speakin about ribs, it kin
o brings to mind
One that I couldn't never break,—the one
I lef' behind;
Ef you should see her jest clear out the
spout o your invention
An pour the longest sweetnin in about
an annoosal pension
An kin' o hint (in case, you know the
critter should refuse to be
Consoled) I ain't so 'xpensive now to keep
ex wut I used to be
There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an
then the leg that's wooden
Can be took off an set away whenever
ther's a puddlin ,

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez
oppirlunt ez thunder,
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus
sorts o' plunder,
Wal, 'fore I vullinteed, I thought this
country wuz a sort o'
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin'
with rum an' water,
Ware propaty growed up like time, with-
out no cultivation,
An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our
Yankee nation,
Ware nateral advantages were pufficly
amazin',
Ware every rock there wuz about with
precious stuns wuz blazin',
Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez
thick ez you could cram 'em,
An' desput rivers run about a beggin'
folks to dam 'em,
Then there were meetinhouses, tu, chock-
ful o' gold an' silver
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't
hand ye in no bill fer,—
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's
wut them fellers told us
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an'
to the buzzards sold us,
I thought thet gold-mines could be gut
cheaper than Chiny asters,

'WARE I BE"

An see myself acomin back like sixty
Jacob Astors

But sech idees soon melted down an
didn't leave a greave spot

I vow my holl sheer o the spiles wouldn't
come nigh a V spot

Although most anywars we've ben you
needn't break no locks,

Nor run no kin o risks to fill your
pocket full o rocks.

I xpect I mentioned in my last some o
the nateral features

O this all fered buggy hole in th way
o awfie creature,

But I fengut to name (new things to
speak on so abounded)

How one day you'll most die o thust an
Yore the next git drowded.

The cymlit seems to me jest like a tea
pot made o pewter

Our Prudence bed that wouldn't pour
(all she could du) to suit her

Fust plate the leaves could choke the spout,
so a not a drop could dreen out

Then Prude could tip an tip an tip till
the holl lat bust clean out

The kiver-hinge-pin bein lost tea-leaves
an tea an kiver

ould all come down ~~Kernowsh~~ / ez though
the dam broke in a river

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

Jest so 'tis here, holl months there ain't
a day o' rainy weather,
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin'
heads together
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech
a milingtary deepot,—
'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off
the everlastin' teapot
The cons'quence is, that I shall take, wen
I'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along, an' that's
the shakin' fever,
It's reggilar employment, though, an' that's
ain't thought to harm one,
Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with
t'other leg an' arm &n,
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it
doosn't pay,
To hev it said you're some gret shakes
in any kin' o' way
'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I
thought o' fortin-makin',—
One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an'
next ez good ez bakin',—
One day abrillin' in the sand, then smoth'rin'
in the mashes,—
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o'
hacks an' smashes
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's
glory to be lied,—

"WARE I BE"

That's an investment, arter all that mayn't
turn out so bad
But somehow wen wed fit an sicked I
ollers found the tanks
Gut kin o lodged afore they come ez
low down ez the ranks
The Gin'tals gut the biggest sheer the
Cuanles next, an so on —
We never gut a blasted mite o glory ez
I know on
An spose we hed I wonder how you're
goin to contrive its
Division so's to give a piece to twenty
thousand privits
Ef you should multiply by ten the por
tion o the brav'st ooe
You wouldn't git more'n half enough to
speak of on a grave-stun
We git the ticks —we're jest the grist
that's put into War's hoppers
Lieutenants is the lowest grade that helps
pick up the coppers.
It may suit folks that go agin a body
with a soul in t,
An ain't contented with a hide without a
bagnet hole in t
But glory is a kin o thing I sha'n't per
suade no furder
Cox that's the off'cers' parquisite,—yourn's
on'y jest the murder

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

Wut two legs anywares about could keep
up with my one?
There ain't no kin' o' quality in can'icates,
it's said,
So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a
wooden head,
There's nothin' ain't so poppylar—(wy, it's
a parfekt sin
To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy
Anny's pin,)—
Then I hain't gut no princerples, an', sence
I wuz knee-high,
I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can
testify,
I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin
the war,—
Fer now the holl on't 's gone an' past,
wut is there to go *for*?
Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some
curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, jest
answer WOODEN LEG!
Ef they ain't settisfied with thet, an' kin'
o' pry an' doubt,
An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE
EYE PUT OUT!
Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find'll
answer to a charm,
An' wen you're druv tu_cnigh the wall,
hol' up my missin' arm,

"WAR & I BE"

If they should nose round fer a pledge
put on a war-toous look
An tell em that's percisely wut I never
gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes"—
that's wut the people likes
Suttun combinin' morril truth with
phrases sech as strikes
Some say the people's fond o' this or
that or wut you please—
I tell ye wut the people want is jest
correct idées
Old Timbertoes" you see 's a creed
it's safe to be quite bold on
There's nothin' int' the other side can
any ways git hold on
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to
embody
That valooable class o' men who look
thru brandy-toddy
It gives a Party Platform tu jest level
with the mind
Of all right-thinkin' honest folks that
mean to go it blind
Then there air other good hoormaws to
drov on as you need em
Sech as the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the
BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think,
ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good
men of all classes

There's one thing I'm in doubt about,
in order to be Presidunt,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern
residunt,
The Constitution settles that, an' also thet
a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet
black, or brown, or yellor
Now I hain't no objections agin particklar
climes,
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth
sometimes),
But, ez I hain't no capital, up there
among ye, may be,
You might raise funds enough fer me to
buy a low-priced bibly,
An' then, to suit the No'thern folks, who
feel obligeed to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing they
vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer
Libbaty's diffusion,
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite
the Institootion,—

WARE I BE

But golly! there's the currier's hoss
upon the pavement pawin'
I'll be more xplicit in my next.

Yours

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN

"I spose you recollect"



A THIRD LETTER FROM
B SAWIN, ESQ

I spose you recollect thet I explained
my gennle views
In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down
frum Veery Cruze,
Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously
sot up
To run unannermously fer the Presidential
cup,
O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 'twuz
ferflely distressin',
But poppiler enthusiasm gut so almighty
pressin'
Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed
an' fussed an' sorrered,
There didn't seem no ways to stop their
bringin' on me forrer'd
Fact is, they udged the matter so, I
couldn't help admittin'
The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet
~~but mine 'ould fit in,~~

'I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

Besides the savin o the soles fer ages
to succeed
Sedin that with one wannut foot, a pair'd
be more'n I need
An tell ye wut them shoes'll want a
thund'rn sight o patchin
Ef this ere fashion is to last we've gut
into o hatchin
A pair o second Washintons fer every new
election —
Though, fur ex number ones concerned
I don't make no objection.

I wuz agoin on to say that wen at fust
I saw
The masses would stick to't I wuz the
Country's father n-law
(They would ha bed it *Father* but I told
em 'twouldn't du
Cox that wuz sutthin of a sort they couldn't
split in tu,
An Washington bed bed the thing laid
fairly to his door
Nor daren't say 'tworn't his n much ex
sixty year afore)
But 'taun't no matter ex to that wen I
wuz nomernated,
Tworn't natur, but wut I should feel
considerable elated

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz
kind o' noo an' fresh,
I thought our ticket would ha' caird the
country with a resh

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked
round, I think I seem to find
Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make
me change my mind,
It's clear to any one whose brain ain't
fur gone in a phthisis,
Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin'
thru a crisis,
An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the
people's mind distracted
By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar
names attackted,
'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss
an' three four months o' jaw,
Ef some illustrious paytriot should back
out an' withdraw,
So, ez I ain't a crooked stick, jest like—
like ole (I swow,
I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go
back to my plough

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished poli-
tishin
Begins to try et wut they call definin'
his posishin,

'I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'

Wal I fer one feel sure he aint gut
nothin to define
It's so nine cases out o ten, but jest that
tenth is mine
An 'tain't no more'n is proper n right in
such a sitocation
To hint the course you think'll be the
savin o the nation
To funk right out o politcal strife aint
thought to be the thing
Without you deacon off the toon you
want your folks should sing
So I advise the numerous friends ther
in one boat with me
To jest up killock, jam right down their
bellum hard a-lee,
Haul the sheets taut, an layin out upon
the Suthun tack,
Make fer the safest port they can, wich
I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know I spose
wut arguments I seem
To see ther makes me think this er'll
be the strongest team
Fust place, I ve been consid'ble round in
bar-rooms an saloons
Agetherin public sentiment, 'mongst Dem
merchants and Coons,

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' 'tain't ve'y offen thet I meet a chap
but wut goes in
Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square,
hufs, taller, horns, an' skin,
I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez
I could see,
I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphy no-
mernee
I could ha' pintered to a man thet wuz,
I guess, a peg
Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an' with
a wooden leg,
But every day with more an' more o'
Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
Seein' wich way the tide thet sets to office
is aturnin',
Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes
down on three sticks,—
'Twuz Birdofredum *one*, Cass *aught*, an'
Taylor *twenty-six*,
An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz
upon the ground,
They said 'twuz no more'n right thet I
should pay the drinks all round,
Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't
ha' cut my foot
By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a con-
sumed coot,
It didn't make no diff'rence, though, I
wish I may be cust

'I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

If Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say he
wouldn't trust!

Another plnt thet influences the minds o
sober judges

In thet the Gen'l hasn't gut tied hand
an foot with pledges

He hasn't told ye wut he is, an so there
ain't no knowin

But wut he may turn out to be the best
there is agoin

This, at the on y spot thet pinched the
shoo directly causes

Coz every one is free to 'xpect percisely
wut he pleases

I want free-trade you don t the Gen'ral
isn't bound to neither —

I vote my way you yourn an both air
sooted to a T there.

Ole Rough an Ready tu s a Wig but
without been sultry

He's like a holosome havin day thets
warm* but isn't sultry

He's jest wut I should call myself a kid
o scratch er t ware

Thet ain't exactly all a wig nor wholly your
own hair

I've been a Wig three weeks myself jest
a this mod rate sort

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' don't find them an' Demmocrats so different ez I thought,
They both act pooty much alike, an' push an' scrouge an' cus,
They're like two pickpockets in league fer Uncle Samwell's pus,
Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze the ole man in between 'em,
Turn all his pockets wrong side out an' quick ez lightnin' clean 'em,
To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-handed rail
No furder off 'an I could sling a bullock by the tail

Webster sot matters right in thet air Mashfiel' speech o' his'n,—
"Taylor," sez he, "ain't nary ways the one thet I'd a chizzen,
Nor he ain't fittin' fer the place, an' like ez not he ain't
No more'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no gret of a saint,
But then," sez he, "obsarve my pint, he's jest ez good to vote fer
Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a thing to hire Choate fer,
Ain't it ez easy done to drop a ballot in a box

'I SPOSE, YOU RECOLLECT'

Fer one ex 'ts fer t'other fer the bull
dog ex the fox?"
It takes a mind like Dannel's fact ex
big ex all ou doors
To find out that it looks like rain arter
it fairly pours
I gree with him, it ain't so dresle trouble
some to vote
Fer Taylor arter all —it's jest to go an
change your coat
Wen he's once greased you'll swaller him
an never know on't scarce
Unless he scratches goin down with
them ere Gun ral's spurs.
I've ben a votin Demmercrat ex reg'lar
ex a clock,
But don't find goin Taylor gives my
narves no gret 'f a shock
Truth is, the cutest leadin Wign, ever
since fust they found
Wich side the bread gut buttered on her
kep a edgin round
They kin o alipt the planks sum out th
ole platform one by one
An made it gradooally noo fore folks
know'd wut wuz done,
Till surz I know there ain't an inch
that I could lay my han on
But I or any Demmercrat, feels comf'
tible to stan on

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look, their
occ'pants bein' gone,
Lonesome ez straddles on a mash without
no harricks on

I spose it's time now I should give my
thoughts upon the plan,
They chipped the shell at Buffalo, o'settin'
up ole V'm
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan,
I'm clean disgusted,—
He ain't the man thet I can say is fittin'
to be trusted,
He ain't half antislav'ry 'nough, nor I ain't
sure, ez some be,
He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick
o' Columby,
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o'
makes me sick?
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen
thirty-six
An' then, another thing,—I guess, though
mebby I am wrong,
This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror
almighty strong,
Some folks, I know,hev gut th' idee that
No'thun dough'll rise,
Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I
wouldn't trust my eyes,

I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'

'Twill take more emptins a long chalk
than this noo party's gut
To give sech heavy takes ez ibem a start
I tell ye wut.
But even of they calrd the day there
wouldn't be no endurin
To stan upon a platform with sech critters
ez Van Buren —
An his son John, tu I can't think how
thet ere chap should dare
To speak ez he doos wy they say he used
to cuss an swear!
I spouse he never read the hymn thet tells
how down the stairs
A seller with long legs wuz throwed thet
wouldn't say his prayers.
This brings me to another pint the leaders
o the party
Aint jest sech men ez I can act along
with free an hearty
They aint not quite respectable an wen
a seller's merrils
Don'toe the straightest kin o mark, wy
him an me jest quarrls.
I went to a Free Soil meetin once an
wut d'ye think I see?
A seller was aspoutin thero thet act'lly
come to me,
About two year ago last spring ez nigh
ez I can jedge

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' axed me if I didn't want to sign the
Temprunce pledge!
He's one o' them that goes about an'
sez you hedn't ough' ter
Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night,
stronger 'an Taunton water
There's one rule I've ben guided by, in
scettlin' how to vote ollers
I take the side that isn't took by them
consarned teetotallers

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an'
thet hez changed my min',
A lazier, more ongrateful set you couldn't
nowers fin'
You know I mentioned in my last that I
should buy a nigger,
Ef I could make a purchase at a pootev
mod'ratae figger,
So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm
fonder of 'an gunnin',
I closed a bargain finally to take a seller
runnin'
I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped out,
an' wen I come t' th' swamp,
'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the
nest o' Pomp,
I come across a kin' o' hut, an', playin'
round the door,

'I SPOSE YO^U RECOLLECT'

Some little woolly-headed cubs ez many as
six or more
At fust I thought o' fimm but *think twice*
is safest offers
There ain't, thinks I not one on em
but's wuth his twenty dollars
Or would be, ef I hed em back into a
Christian land —
How temptin all on em would look upon
an auction-stand!
(Not but wut *I* hate slavery in th abstract
stem to stern —
I leave it ware our fathers did a print
State consarn)
Soon's they see me they yelled an run
but Pomp wuz out ahosen
A leetle patch o' corn he bed, or else there
ain't no knowin
He wouldn't ha took a pop at me; but
I hed gut the start,
An wen he looked I vow he groaned ez
though he'd broke his heart
He done it like a wise man tu ez natural
ez a pictur
The imp dunt pis'nous hypocrite! was an
a boy constructur
You can't gum ~~me~~ I tell ye now an
so you needn't try
I 'spect my eye-teeth every mull so jest
shet up" sez I

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

"Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll
let her strip,
You'd best draw kindly, seemin' 'z how
I've gut ye on the hip,
Besides, you darned ole fool, it ain't no
gret of a disaster
To be benev'lently druv back to a con-
tent'd master,
Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you
don't seem quite aware on,
Or you'd ha' never run away from bein'
well took care on,
Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so fond
on ye, he said
He'd give a fifty spot right out, to git
ye, 'live or dead,
Wite folks ain't sot by half ez much,
'member I run away,
Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to
Mattyquamscot Bay,
Don' know him, likely? Spose not, wal,
the mean ole codger went
An' offered—wut reward, think? "Wal, it
worn't no less'n a cent "

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv
'em on afore me,
The pis'nous brutes, I'd ne idee o' the
ill-will they bore me,

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

We walked till somers about noon an
then it grew so hot
I thought it best to camp awhile so I
chose out a spot
Jest under a magnoly tree an there right
down I sat
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg coz it
began to chafe
An laid it down long side o me, supposin
all wuz safe
I made my darkies all set down around
me in a ring
An sat an kin o ciphered up how much
the lot would bring
But, wile I drinked the peaceful cup of a
pure heart an mind
(Mixed with some whiskey now an then)
Pomp he snaked up behin
An creepin grad'lly close tu ex quiet ex
a mink,
Jest grabbed my leg an then pulled foot
quicker'n you could wink,
An come to look, they each on em hed
gut behin a tree
An Pomp poked out the leg a piece jest
so ex I could see
An yelled to me to throw away my pistols
an my gun,
Or else that they'd cair off the leg an
fairly cut an run.

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent
alligatur
Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common
human natur,
However, ez there worn't no help, I finally
give in,
An' heft my arms away to git my leg safe
back agin
Pomp gethered all the weapins up, an'
then he come an' grinned,
He showed his ivory some, I guess, an'
sez, " You're fairly pinned,
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right
up an' come,
'Twun't du fer fammerly men like me to
be so long frum hum "
At fust I put my foot right down an'
swore I wouldn't budge
" Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool,
" either be shot or trudge "
So this black-hearted monster took an'
act'lly druv me back
Along the very feetmarks o' my happy
mornin' track,
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an'
worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny
taters in,
He made me larn him readin's tu (although
the critter saw

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

How much it shut my mornin' sense to act
agin the law)
So st he could read a Bible he'd gut
an axed ef I could pint
The North Star out but there I put his
nose some out o just,
Fer I wealed roun about sou'west an
lookin up a bit
Picked out a middlin shiny one an tolle
him thet wuz it.
Fin'lly he took me to the door , an
givin me a kick,
Sez, Ef you know wut's best fer ye be
off now double-quick
The winter-time's a comin on an though
I gut ye cheap
You're so darned lazy I don't think you're
hardly wuth your keep
Besides, the children's growin up an
you ain't jest the model
I'd like to hav em immortate, an so you'd
better toddle!"

Now is there anythin on earth'll ever
prove to me
Thet renegader slaves like him air fit fer
bein free?
D'you think they'll suck me in to jine
the Buff'lo chape an them

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

Rank infidels thet go agin' the Scriptur'l
cus o' Shem?
Not by a jugfull! Sooner'n thet, I'd go
thru fire an' water,
Wen I hev once made up my mind, a
meet'nhus ain't sotter,
No, not though all the crows thet flies to
pick my bones wuz cawin',—
I guess we're in a Christian land

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN

The Courtin



God makes sech nights, all white an still
Fur'z you can look or listen
Moonshine an snow on field an hill,
All silence an all glisten.

Zekle crep up quite unbeknown
An peeked in thru the winder
An there set Huldy all alone
Ith no one nigh to header

A fireplace filled the room s one side
With half a cord o wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin

The wa nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the poolest, bless her
An leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser

Agin the chumbley crook-neck hung
An in amoggst em rusted
The ole queen s-arm thet gran'ther young
Fetched back f em Concord busted.

THE COURTIN'

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter

He was six foot o' man, Ai,
Clear grit an' human natur',
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir,
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher

THE COURTIN'

An she'd blush scarlet right in prayer
When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O' blue eyes set upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked ~~sore~~!
She seemed to've got a new soul
For she felt ~~martin~~-sure he'd come
Down to her very shoo-sole.

She hoered a foot, an knowed it tu
A-craspin on the scraper —
All ways to once her feelings flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper

He kin o' littered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep goin pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ex though she wished him funder
An on her apples kep to work,
Parin away like murder

You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
Wal no I come dasign-
in"—
To see my Ma? She's sprinklin cloes
Agin to-morrer's rain."

THE COURTIN'

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin',
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther

Says he, "I'd better call agin,"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . Wal, he up an' kist her

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summef mind
Snowhid in Jenooary

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'

THE COURTIN'

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o Fundy
An all I know is they was crad
In meetin come nex Sunday

"It's some consid'ble of a spell"



BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence I
hain't writ no letters,
An' ther' 's gret changes hez took place in
all polit'cle metters
Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an'
some hez ben defeated,
Which 'mounts to pooty much the same,
fer it's ben proved repeated
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't
goin' to rise agin,
An' it's jest money throwed away to put
the emptins in
But thet's wut folks wun't never larn,
they dunno how to go,
Arter you want their room, no more'n a
bullet-headed beau,
Ther' 's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun', thet
can't see pea-time's past,
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down
an' tails half-mast
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl
nation doos it,

'IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

But Chance is like an ambeill,—it don't
take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin o' cur'ous, now to
know why I hain't wnt

Wal I've been where a litt'ry taste don't
somehow seem to git

Th encouragement a feller'd think, that's
used to public schools

An where such things ex paper n ink air
clean agin the rules

A kind o' vic'yvansy house, built dreffle
strong an stout

So e 't honest people can't git in ner
t other sort git out

An with the wunders so contrived, you'd
probly like the view

Better alookin in' than out though it
seems sing'lar tu

But then the landlord sets by ye can't
bear ye out o' sight,

And locks ye up ex reg'lar ex an outside
door at night.

This world is awfle contrary the rope
may stretch your neck

Thet nebbey kep another chap frum
washin off a wreck

An you will see the taters grow in one
poor feller's patch

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

So small no self-respectin' hen thet vallied
time 'ould scratch,
So small the rot can't find 'em out, an'
then agin, nex' door,
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they're
'most too fat to snore
But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use, an' ef
the fust throw fails,
Why, up an' try agin, thet's all, — the
coppers ain't all tails,
Though I *hev* seen 'em when I thought
they hedn't no more head
Than'd sarve a nussin' Brigadier thet gits
some ink to shed

When I writ last, I'd ben turned loose
by thet blanied nigger, Pomp,
Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you'd took
an' dreened his swamp
But I ain't o' the meechin' kind, thet sets
an' thinks fer weeks
The bottom's out o' the univarse coz their
own gillpot leaks
I hed to cross bayous an' criks, (wal, it
did beat all natur',)
Upon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log, then
alligator,
Luck'ly the critters warn't sharp-sot, I
guess 'twuz overruled

OF A SPELL

They'd done their mornin' marketin' an
gut their hunger cooled
For missionaries to the Greeks an run
aways are viewed
By them as folks ez sent express to be
their reg'lar food
Wutever twuz they laid an spoozed ez
peacefully ez sinners,
Meek ez disgustin' deacons be at ordi-
nation dinners
Ef any on em turned an snapped I let
em kin o taste
My live oak leg an so ye see ther'
wurm't no gret o waste
Per they found out in quicker time than
ef they'd ben to college
Twarn't heartier food than though twuz
made out o the tree o knowledge.
But / tell you my other leg hed learned
wut pison-nettle meant
An various other usefle things, afore I
reached a settlement
An all o me ibet wurm't more an sendin'
practices thru me
Wuz jest the leg I parted with to Hickun
Montezumy
A usefle limb it's ben to me, an more
of a support
Than wut the other hez ben —cox I dor
my pension for't.

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz
civerlized an' white,
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 'twarn't
hardly night,
Fer'z I wuz settin' in the bar atakin'
sunthin' hot,
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in
one spot,
A feller that set oppersite, arter a squint
at me,
Lep' up an' drawed his peacemaker, an',
"Dash it, sir," sez he,
"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't him that
stole my yaller chettle
(You're all the stranger that's around), so
now you've gut to settle,
It ain't no use to argersy ner try to cut
up frisky,
I know ye ez I know the smell o' ole
chain-lightnin' whisky,
We're lor-abidin' folks down here, we'll
fix ye so's't a bar
Wouldn' tech ye with a ten-foot pole
(Jedge, you just warm the far),
You'll think you'd better ha' gut among
a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,
'Fore we've done showin' how we raise
our Southun prize tar-martyrs,
A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should
see ye, 'd snicker,

OF A SPELL"

Thinkin be warn t a suckemstance Come
gentlemun le a liquor
An Gl'r al when you've mixed the drinks
an chalked em up tote roun
An see ef ther's a feather bed (thet's
borryable) in town.
We'll try ye fair ole Grafted Leg an ef
the tar wun't stick,
Th ain't not a juror here but wut'll quit
ye double-quick."
To cut it short I wun't say sweet they
gi me a good dip
(They ain't *perfessm* Bahptists here) then
give the bed a rip —
The jury'd set an quicker'n a flash they
hatched me out, a livin
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey chick fer a
Feejee Thanksgivin

Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it's
natural to suppose,
When poppylar enthusiasm hed fannished
me sech clo es
(Ner 'taun't without advantiges, this lan
o suit, ye see
It's water proof an water's wut I like
kep out o me)
But nut content with that they took
a kerridge from the fence

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

An' rid me roun' to see the place,
entirely free 'f expense,
With forty-'leven new kines o' sarse without no charge acquainted me,
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed that I wuz all their salincy painted me,
They treated me to all their eggs (they keep 'em, I should think,
Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they wuz mos' distinc'),
They starred me thick'z the Milky-Way with indiscrim'nit cherity,
Fer wut we call reception eggs air sunthin' of a rarity,
Green ones is plentiful enough, skurce wuth a nigger's getherin',
But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer treatin' Nothun bretherin',
A spotteder, ringstreakeder child the' warn't in Uncle Sam's
Holl farm—a cross of striped pig an' one o' Jacob's lambs,
'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, 'new an' enlarged edition,
An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind, the' warn't no impersition
People's impulsiver down here than wut our folks to home be,
An' kin' o' go it 'ith a flesh in raisin'
Hail Columby

OF A SPELL

They's so an they swarmed out like bees
for your real Southun men's
Time isn't o' much more account than an
old settin hen's
(They jest work semioccasionally or else
don't work at all
An so their time an 'tention both air at
society's call).
Talk about hospitality! wut Nothun town
d ye know
Would take a totle stranger up an treat
him gratis so?
You'd better b'lieve ther's nothin like this
spendin days an nights
Along 'ith a dependent race fer coverzin
whites.

But this wuz all prelimnary it's so Gran
Jurors here
No a true bill a bendier way than ours
an nut so dear
So arter this they sentenced me, to make
all tight 'n snug
Afore a reg'lar court o law to ten years
in the Jug
I didn't make no great defonce you don't
feel much like speakin
When ef you let your clamabells gape
a quart o tar will leak in

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

I *hev* hearn tell o' wingèd words, but
pint o' fact it tethers
The spoutin' gift to *hev* your words *tu*
thick sot on with feathers,
An' Choate ner Webster wouldn't ha'
made an Ai kin' o' speech
Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper'n
a baby's screech

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n'
seein' I wuz innercent,
They jest uncorked an' le' me run, an' in
my stid the sinner sent
To see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone
flavoured with wa'nut saplin',
An' nary social priv'ledge but a one-hoss,
starn-wheel chaplin
When I come out, the folks behaved mos'
gen'manly an' harsome,
They 'lowed it wouldn't be more'n right,
ef I should cuss 'n' darn some
The Cunnle he apolergized, sez he, "I'll
du wut's right,
I'll give ye settisfection now by shootin'
ye at sight,
An' give the nigger (when he's caught),
to pay him fer his trickin'
In gittin' the wrong man took up, a
most H fired lickin',—

OF A SPELL"

It's jest the way with all on em the
Inconsistent critters
They're most enough to make a man
blaspheme his mornin' bitters
I'll be your frien thru thick an thin an
in all kanes o' weathers
An all you'll hev to pay fer's jest the
waste o' tar an feathers
A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder
tu Miss Shannon
It wuz her mite we would ha took
another ef ther'd ben one
We don't make no charge for the ride
an all the other fixins.
Le's liquor Gin ral, you can chalk our
friend for all the mixins."
A meetin then wuz called, where they
RESOLVED Thet we respect
B S Esquire for qualities o' heart an
intellec'
Peculiar to Columby's side, an not to no
one else,
Thet makes European tyrants scragge in
all their gilded palces,
An does gret honour to our race an
Southern institootions"
(I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin
resolootions)
RESOLVED Thet we revere in him a
sojer thout a flor

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

A martyr to the principles o' libbaty
an' lor
RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot
'longside o' us,
For vartoo, larnin', chivvertry, ain't noways
wuth a cuss"
They gut up a subscription, tu, but no
gret come o' *thet*,
I 'spect in cairin' of it roun' they took
a leaky hat,
Though Southun genelmen ain't slow at
puttin' down their name
(When they can write), fer in the eend
it comes to jes' the same,
Because, ye see, 't 's the fashion here to
sign an' not to think
A critter'd be so sordid ez to ax 'em for
the chink
I didn't call but jest on one, an' he
drawed toothpick on me,
An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' no
sech doggauned econ'my,
So nothin' more wuz realized, 'ceptin' the
goodwill shown,
Than ef't had ben from fust to last a
reg'lar Cotton Loan
It's a good way, though, come to think,
coz ye enjoy the sense
O' lendin' lib'rally to the 'Lord, an' nary
red o' 'xpense

OF A SPELL

Sence then I've gut my name up for
a gin'rous-hearted man
By jes' subscribin right an' left on this
high-minded plan
I've gin away my thousands so to every
Southun sort
O missions colleges an' sech, ner ain't
no poorer sort.

I warn't so bad off arter all I needn't
hardly mention
That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile for
my arrears o' pension —
I mean the poor weak thing we *had*
we run a new one now
They strings a feller with a claim up tu
the highest bough
An *practicer* the rights o' man purtects
downtrodden debtors,
Ner won't hav' creditors about ascrougin'
o' their betters
Jeff's got the last *ideas* ther' is poscrip
fourteenth edition
He knows it takes some enterprise to run
an opposition
Our'n's the fust thru by daylight train
with all ou doors for deepot
Your'n goes *so* slow you'd think twuz
drawed by a las cent'ry teapot —

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

Wal, I gut all on't paid in gold afore
our State seceded,
An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds warn't
jest the cheese I needed
Nut but wut they're ez *good* ez gold, but
then it's hard a-breakin' on 'em,
An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an' wun't
git used to takin' on 'em,
They're wuth ez much ez wut they wuz
afore old Mem'nger signed 'em,
An' go off middlin' wal for drinks, when
ther's a knife behind 'em,
We *du* miss silver, jes' fer that an' ridin'
in a bus,
Now we've shook off the desputes that
wuz suckin' at our pus,
An' it's *because* the South's so rich, 'twuz
nat'ral to expec'
Supplies o' change wuz jes' the things
we shouldn't recollect,
We'd ough' to ha' thought aforehan',
though, o' that good rule o' Crockett's,
For 't 's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales an'
niggers in your pockets,
Ner 'tain't quite hendy to pass off one
o' your six-foot Guineas
An' git your halves an' quarters back in
gals an' pickaninnies
Wal, 'tain't quite all a feller'd ax, but
then ther's this to say,

OF A SPELL

It's ony jest among ourselves that we
 expect to pay
Our system would ha caid us thru in
 any Bible cent'ry
Fore this onscripterl plan come up o
 books by double entry
We go the patriarche here out o all alight
 an bearin
For Jacob warn't a suckermstance to Jeff
 at financierin
He never'd thought o borryin from Esau
 like all nater
An then cornfiscatin all debts to sech a
 small pertater
There's p'Titickle econ my now combined
 ith mornl benuty
Thet saycrafices privi cends (your in my s,
 tu) to dooty!
Wy Jeff'd ha gin him five an won his
 eye-teeth fore he knowed it,
An stid o wastin pottage he'd ha eat
 it up an owed it.

•

But I wuz goin on to say how I come
 her to dwall —
Nough said that arter lookan roun
 I liked the place so wal
Where niggers does a double good with
 us atop to stiddy em

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suckleatin' medium,
Where a man's sunthin' cos he's white,
an' whisky's cheap ez fleas,
An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted my idees,
Thet I friz down right where I wuz,
merried the Widder Shannon
(Her thirds wuz part in cotton land, part
in the curse o' Canaan),
An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk
on a wall,
With nothin' to feel riled about much
later'n Eddam's fall

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made
an even trade
She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-made
(The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed up),
rugged an' spry ez weazles,
So's ther's no resk o' doctor' bills fer
hoopin'-cough an' measles
Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost,
Little Big Boosy River,
Wal located in all respev,—fer 'tain't the
chills 'n' fever
Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm,
a Southuner'd allow I'd

OF A SPELL

Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to
meller a new cowhide.

Miss S is all f a lady th aint no
better on Big Boosy

Ner one with more accomplishments
twixt here an Tuscaloosa

She's an F F the tallest kind, an
prouder'n the Gran Turk

An never hed a relative that done a
stroko o work

Hern ain't a scrimpin sem'ly sech ex you
git up Down East

Th aint a growed member on t but
owes his thousuns et the least

She is some old but then agin ther's
drawbacks in my sheer

Wut's left o me aint nore'n enough to
make a Brigadier

Wust is, that she hex tantrums she's like
Seth Moody's gun

(Him that wuz nicknamed frum his limp
Ole Dot an Kerry One)

He'd left her loaded up a spell an hed
to git her clear

So he onhitched,—Jerusalem! the middle
o last year

Wuz right nex door compared to where
she kacked the crittur tu

(Though jes where he brought up wuz
wut no human never knew)

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

His brother Asaph picked her up an' tied
her to a tree,
An' then she kicked an hour 'n' a half
afore she'd let it be
Wal, Miss S *doos* hev cuttins-up an'
pourins-out o' vials,
But then she hez her widder's thirds,
an' all on uz hez trials
My objec', though, in writin' now warn't
to allude to sech,
But to another suckemstance more delly-
kit to tech,—
I want thet you should grad'lly break my
merriage to Jerushy,
An' there's a heap of argymunts thet's
emple to indooce ye
Fust place, State's Prison,—wal, it's true
it warn't fer crime, o' course,
But then it's jest the same fer her in
gittin' a divorce,
Nex' place, my State's secedin' out hez
leg'lly lef' me free
To merry any one I please, pervidin' it's
a she,
Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she
needn't hev no fear on't,
But then it's wal to fix things right fer
fear Miss S should hear on't,
Lastly, I've gut religion South', an' Rushy
she's a pagan

OF A SPELL"

Thet sets by th graven images o the
gret Nothan Dagon

(Now I hain't seen one in six munits for
sence our Treashry Loan

Though yaller boys is thick enough eagles
hez land o flown)

An ef J wants a stronger pint than them
thet I hev stated

Wy shes an alien in my now an I've
ben confiscated —

For sence we've entered on th estate o
the late nayshnul engle,

She hain't no kin o right but jes' wut I
allow ez legle

Wut does Secedin mean ef taunt thet
natural rights hez riz 'n

Thet wut is mine's my own but wut is
another man's ain't him?

Bendes I couldn't do no else Miss S
sez she to me

You've sheered my bed" [thet's when I
paid my interduction fee

To Southun rites] an kep your sheer
[wah I allow it sticked]

So'st I wuz most six weeks in jail afore
I gut mo picked],

Ner never paid no demmiges but thet
wun't do no harm

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

Pervidin' thet you'll ondertake to oversee
the farm
(My eldes' boy is so took up, wut with
the Ringtail Rangers
An' settin' in the Jestic-Court for wel-
comin' o' strangers")
[He sot on *me*], "an' so, ef you'll jest
ondertake the care
Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an' call
it square,
But ef you *can't* conclude," sez she, an'
give a kin' o' grin,
"Wy, the Gran' Jury, I expect, 'll hev to
set agin'"
Thet's the way metters stood at fust,
now wut wuz I to du,
But jes' to make the best on't an' off' coat
an' buckle tu?
Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finds an
income necessarier
Than me — bimeby I'll tell ye how I
fin'ly come to merry her

•

She hed another motive, tu I mention
of it here
T' encourage lads thet's growin' up to
study 'n' persevere,
An' show 'em how much better't pays to
mind their winter schoolin'

OF A SPELL"

Than to go off on benders n sech an
waste their time in foolin
Ef twarn't for studyin e enins why I
never'd ha' been here,
An ornament o' society in my approp'rut
spear
She wanted somebody ye see o taste an
cultivation
To talk along o preachers when they
stop't to the plantation
For folks in Dixie tht read an rite
onless it is by jarks
Is skurce ex wut they wuz among th
ordigenele patriarchs
To fit a seller f' wut they call the soshle
higherarchy
All that you've gut to know is jes beyund
an evrage darky
Schoolin's wut they can't seem to stan
they're tu consarned high pressure
An knowlin t much might spile a boy
for bein a Seceshot
We hain't no settled preachin here ner
minister'l taxes
The min ster's only settlement's the carpet
bag he packs his
Razor an soap-brush intu with his hym-
book an his Bible —
But they du preach I swan to man its
puf'kly indescrib'le!

A LETTER

They go it like an Liesson's ten-hoss-power coltic engine,
An' make Ole Splt-Foot winch an' squirm, for all he's used to singin',
Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o' prummin' to the innards
To he irin' on 'em put free grace t' a lot o' tough old sinhards!
But I must end this letter now 'fore long I'll send a fresh un,
I've lots o' things to write about, perticklerly Seceshun
I'm called off now to mission work, to let a leetle law in
To Cynthys hide an' so, till death,

Yourn,

BIRDOFRFDUM SAWIN

Mason and Slidell A Yankee Idyll

I love to start out arter night's begun
An all the chores about the farm are
done
The critters milked an foddered gates
shet fast,
Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer supper
past,
An Nancy darnin by her ker'sene lamp —
I love I say to start upon a tramp
To shake the kinkles out o back an
legs,
An kind o rack my life off from the
dregs
Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
Hard work is good an wholesome, past
all doubt
But 'tain't so ef the mind gits tuckered
out.

Now bein born in Middlesex you know
There's certin spots where I like best to
go

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),
The field o' Lexin'ton, where England
tried

The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he
came,

Found was the bee-line track to heaven
an' fame,

Ez all roads be by natur, ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save
the toll

They're 'most too fur away, take too
much time

To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme,
But the' 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's
night,—

I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect
Hill

I love to loiter there while night grows
still,

An' in the twinklin' villages abou',
Fust here, then there, the well-saved
lights goes out,

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false
alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy
farms,

A YANKEE IDILL

Where some wise rooster (men act jest
thet way)

Stands to t thet moonrise is the break
o day

(So Mlster Seward sticks a three-monthis
pin

Where the war d ough to eend then
tries agin

My gran'her's rule was safer n us to
crown

Don't never prophecy—unless yu know)

I love to muse there till it kind o seem
Ex ef the world went eddyin off in
dreams.

The north-west wind thet twitches at my
baird

Blows out o sturdier days not easy
scared

An the same moon thet this December
shines

Starts out the tents an booths o Putnam's
lines

The rail fence posts acrost the hill thet
runs

Turn ghosts o sogers should nn ghosts
o guns

Ex wheels the sentry glints a flash o
light *

Along the firelock won at Concord Fight

MASON AND SLIDELL

An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now
nigh,
Rings the sharp chellenge, hunis the low
reply

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,
Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell
where

Voices I call 'em 'twas a kind o' sough
Like pine trees that the wind's a-geth'rin'
through,

An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind
a spell,

Then some misdoubted, couldn't fairly
tell,

Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold
an eel,

I knowed, an' didn't, — fin'lly seemed to
feel

'Twas Concord Bridge a-talkin' off to kill
With the Stone Spike that's druv thru
Bunker's Hill,

Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y dreamed,
I couldn't say, I tell it ez it seemed

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Bridge

Wat neighbour tell us, wut's turned up
that's new?

You're younger'n I be —nigher Boston tu
An down to Boston ef you take their
showin

Wut they doant know ain't hardly wuth
the knownin

There's *sunthin* goin on I know las
night

The British sogers killed in our gret
fight

(Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred nor
spoke)

Made sech a coil you'd thought a dam
hed brake

Why one he up an beat a revellee
With his own crossbones on a holler tree
Till all the graveyards swarmed out like
a hive

With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy
five.

Wut *is* the news? 'Taint good or they'd
be cheerin

Speak slow an clear for I'm some hard
o hearin

The Monument

I don't know hardly ef it's good or bad —

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Bridge

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we've had

The Monument

You know them envys thet the Rebbles sent,
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the *Trent*?

The Bridge

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then their wits is gone!

Thet's the sure way to make a goose a swan!

The Monument

No England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee, Faw, Fum!*

(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to home,)

So they've returned 'em—

The Bridge

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet's the wust news I've heerd sence Seventy-seven!

By George, I meant to say, though I declare

It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Monument

Now don't go off half-cock folks never
gains
By usin' pepper sarse instid o brains.
Come neighbour you don't understand —

The Bridge

How? Hey?
Not understand? Why wut's to hender
pray?
Must I go huntn round to find a chap
To tell me when my face hex hed a slap?

The Monument

See here the British they found out a
flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o the law
(They make all laws, you know an so,
o course
It's natural they should understand their
force)
Hed ought to ha took the vessel into
port *
An hed her set on by a reg'lar court
She was a mail-ship an a steamer tu
An that they say hex changed the pint
o view
Cox the old practice bein' meant for sails
Ef tried upon a steamer kind o fails

MASON AND SLIDELL

You *may* take out despatches, but you
mus'n't
Take nary man—

The Bridge

You mean to say, you dus'n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—it's over-
board
With law an' gospel, when their ox is
gored!
I tell ye, England's law, on sea 'n land,
Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest
hand*"
Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her*
lips!
Why, she hez taken hundreds from our
ships,
An' would agin, an' swear she had a
right to,
Ef we warn't strong enough to be
perlite to
Of all the sarse that I can caK to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant
kind
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the
saint,
Wut's good's all English, all that isn't
ain't,

A YANKEE IDYLL

Wut profits her us ollers right an just
An ef you don't read Scriptur so you
must

She's prauded herself until she family
thinks

There ain't no light in Natur when she
winkes

Hain't she the Ten Commandments in her
pus?

Could the world stir 'thout she went tu
ex mus?

She ain't like other mortals that's a
fact

She never stopped the habus-corpus act,
Nor specie payments nor she never yet
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt
She don't put down rebellions, lets em
breed

An * ollers willin Ireland should secede
She's all that's honest honnable, an
fair

An when the vartoes died, they made her
heir *

The Monument

Wal wal two wrongs don't never make
a right

Ef we're mis'ken own it an don't
fight

A YANKEE IDILL'

With Rooshy Prooshy Austry all
assistin
Th ain't out a face but wut she's shook
her fist in
Ex though she done it all an ten times
more,
An nothin never hed gut done afore,
Nor never could agin 'thout she wuz
spliced
On to one eend an gin th old arth a
hoist.
She is some punkins that I wunt deny
(For ain't she some related to you n I?)
But there's a few small intrists here
below
Outside the counter of John Bull an Co.
An though they can't conceit how't should
be so
I guess the Lord druv down Creation's
spiles
'Thout no *gret* helpin from the British
Isles,
An could contrive to keep things pooty
stiff
Ef they withdrewd from business in a
milf
I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin
fallers ex
Thank God, can't forge 'thout them to
blow the bellerses.

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Monument

You're ollers quick to set your back
aridge,
Though't suits a tom-cat more'n a sober
bridge
Don't you git het they thought the
thing was planned,
They'll cool off when they come to under-
stand

The Bridge

If *that's* wut you expect, you'll hav to
wait
Folks never understand the folks they
hate
She'll fin' some other grievance jest ez
good,
'Fore the month's out, to git misunder-
stood
England cool off! She'll do it, if she
sees
She's run her head into a swarm o'
bees
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spouse
I hev thought England was the best thet
goes
Remember (no, you can't), when *I* was
reared,
God save the King was all thy tune you
heerd

A YANKEE IDILL

But it's enough to turn Wachusett roun
This stumpin' sellers when you think
they're down.

The Moniment

But, neighbour ef they prove their claim
at law

The best way is to settle an' not jaw
An' don't le's mutter 'bout the awfle
bricks

We'll give em ef we ketch em in a fix
That ere's most frequently the kin o'
talk

Of critters can't be lacked to toe the
chalk

You! You'll see ner' time!" an' Look
out bumbly!"

Most ollers ends in eatin' umble pie.

'Twun't pay to scringe to England will
it pay

To fear that meaner bully old They'll
say?"?

Suppose they do say words are dreffle
bores,

But they ain't quite so bad as seventy
four.

Wut England wants is jest a wedge to
fit —

Where it'll help to widen out our split

MASON AND SLIDELL

She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't for us
to come
An' lend the beetle that's to drive it
home
For growed-up folks like us 'twould be a
scandle,
When we git sarsed, to fly right off the
handle
England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us
blind
Ef she can't change her skin, she can
her mind,
An' we shall see her change it double-
quick,
Soon er we've proved that we're a-goin'
to lick
She an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends
For the world prospers by their privit
ends
'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty
years
Ef they should fall together by the ears

¶

The Bridge

I 'gree to that, she's nigh us to wut
France is,
But then she'll hev to made the fust ad-
vances,

A YANKEE IDYLL

We've gut pride tu an gut it by good
nights,
An ketch me stoopin to pick up the
mites.
O condescension she'll be lettin fall
When she finds out we ain't dead arter
all!
I tell ye wut it takes more'n one good
week
Afore my nose forgits it's hed a tweak.

The Montiment

She'll come out right bumby that I'll
engage
Soon ex she gits to seem we're of age
This talkin down o hers ain't wuth a
fuss
It's natural ex nut likin 'tis to us
Ef we're agoin to prove we be growed
up
Twun't be by barkin like a terrier pup
But turnin to an makin things ex good
Ex wut we're ollers braggin that we
could
We're bound to be good friends an so
we'd ought to,
In spite^{of} all the fools both sides the
water

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Bridge

I b'lieve thet's so, but hearken in your
e'er,—
I'm older'n you, — Peace wun't keep
house with Fear
Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut
to du
Is/jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu
If recollect how sailors' rights was won,
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin'
gun
Why, afore thet, John Bull set up thet he
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea,
You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
Adani's will,
An' ef you knuckle down, he'll think so
still
Better thet all our ships an' all their
crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless
ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' chellenge ez it
went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moni-
ment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
crave
Give me the peace of dead nfen or of
brave!

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Monument

I may ole boy it ain't the Glorious Fourth
You'd ought to larned fore this wut talk
wuz worth.

It ain't *our* nose that gits put out o
jint

It's England thet gives up her dearest
pint.

We've gut, I tell ye now enough to du
In our own fam'ly fight, afore we're thru.
I hoped ~~in~~ spring jes arter Sumter's
shame,

When every flagstaff flapped its tethered
flame,

An all the people, startled from their
doubt

Come must'rin to the flag with ~~sech~~ a
shout —

I hoped to see things settled 'fore this
fall

The Rebbles licked Jeff Davis hanged
an all

Then come Bull Run an ~~sece~~ then I've
ben waitin

Like boys in Jennooary thaw for skatin
Nothin to du but watch my shadder's
trace

Swing like a ship at anchor roua my
base,

MASON AND SLIDELL

With daylight's flood an' ebb it's gittin'
slow,
An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go
I tell ye wut, this war's agoin' to cost——

The Bridge

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost,
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll
allow
Thet havin' things unsettled kills the
cow
We've gut to fix this thing for good
an' all,
It's no use buildin' wut's agoin' to fall
I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things an'
men,
An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut it's ben
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones
thet thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live,
You can't git red on't, jest ez sure ez
sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done agin '
Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a week
'Fore your soft-soddered peace would
spring a leak
We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put
her thru, ..
We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu

A YANKEE IDYLL

'Twont du to think thet killin aint
perlite,—

You've gut to be in earnest, ef you fight
Why two-thirds o the Rebbles ould cut
dirt,

Ef they once thought thet Guvment
meant to hurt

An I *do* wish our Generals hed in mind
The folks in front more than the folks
behind

You wont do much until you think its
God

An not constitoounts thet holds the rod
We want some more o Gideon's sword
I jedge

For proclamations hant no gret of edge
There's nothin for a cancer but the
knife,

Unless you set by t more than by your
life.

I've seen hard times I see a war begun
Thet folks thet love their bellies never'd
won

Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven long
year

But when twas done, we didn't count
it dear

Why law an order honour civil right
Ef they *ain't* wuth it wut *is* wuth a
fight?

MASON AND SLIDELL

I'm older'n you the plough, the axe,
the mill,
All kin's o' labour an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 'twarn't for that slow critter, 'stab-
lished law,
On settle *that*, an' all the world goes whiz,
A screw's got loose in everythin' there
is
Good buttresses once settled, don't you
fret
An' stir 'em, take a bridge's word for
that!
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good
that's new,
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sun-
thin', tu

The Monument

Amen to *that*! build sure in the beginnin',
An' then don't never tech the' under-
pinnin'
Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't suits,
New ones hunt folk's corns out like new
boots
Change jes' for change is like those big
hotels

A YANKEE IDYLL.

Where they shift plates an let ye live on
smells.

The Bridge

Wal don't give up afore the ship goes
down

It's a stiff gale, but Providence wunt
drown

An God wunt leave us yit to sink or
swim

If we don't fall to du wut's right by
Him.

This land o' ourn I tell ye is gut to be
A better country than man ever see.

I feel my sperit swellin with a cry
That seems to say Break forth an
prophesy!"

O strange New World that yit wast
never young

Whose youth from theo by gripin need
was wrung

Brown foundlin o the woods, whose
babys bed

Was prowled roun by the Injuns crack
In tread

An who grew't strong thru shifts an
wants an pains

Nussed by stern men with empires in
their brains

MASON AND SLIDELL

Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men
pitch tents,—
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
So that I lost old Concord's last remark
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some birch trees near,
But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the time,
I put some thoughts that bothered me in rhyme,

A YANKEE IDYLL

I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on
But here they be—it's

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right John
When both my hands was full
To stump me to a fight John—
Your cousin tu John Bull
Ole Uncle S. sez he I guess
We know it now" sez he
The lion's paw is all the law
Accordin' to J. B.
That's fit for you an' me!"

You wonder why we're hot John?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, them shot John,
Our brothers an' our sons
Ole Uncle S. sez he, I guess
There's human blood," sez he
By fits an' starts in Yankee hearts
Though't may surprise J. B.
More'n it would you an' me!"

If I turned mad dogs loose John
On your front parlour stairs
Would it jes' meet your views, John
To wait an' sue their heirs?

MASON AND SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'Twould kind o' rile J B,
Ef wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?

"J B" was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J B,
No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You didn't stop for fuss,—
Britannv's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he,
"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed '*J B*', '
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John
You mus'n't take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's *jest* your own backyard

A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
Ef *that's* his claim " sez he
The fencin-stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J B
Ex wal ez you an me!"

Why talk so dressie big John
Of honour when it meant
You didn't care a fig John
But jest for *ten per cent*?

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
He's like the rest," sez he
When all is done its number on
Thet's nearest to J B
Ex wal ez t you an me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 'twas right
It warn't your bullyin' clack John
Provokin us to fight.

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
We've a hard row " sez he
To hoe jest now but that somehow
May happen to J B
Ex wal ez you an me!"

We ain't so weak an poor John
With twenty million people
An close to every door John
A schoolhouse an a steeple.

MASON AND SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J B,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John,
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy,
And that don't suit J B
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an' me!) "

We know we've gut a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true,
We thought 'twould win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton
There's natur in J B,
Ez wal'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John
Now which is your idee?

A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
John preaches wal " sez he
But sermon thru an come to d*
Why there's the old J B
A-crowdin ~you an me!"

Shall it be love or hate John?
It's you that's to decide
Ain't your bonds held by Fate John
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
Wise men forgive " sez he
But not forgit an some time yet
Thet truth may strike J B.
Ex wal ez you an me

God means to make this land John
Clear thru from sea to sea
Believe an understand John
The ~~work~~ o bein free.
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
God's price is high sez he
But nothin else than wut He sells
Wears long an that J B
May larn, like you an me!"



"I had it on my min'"



BIRDOFFEDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. NOSEA BIGLOW

I hed it on my min' las' time, when I to
write ye started,
To tech the leadin' featurz o' my gittin'
me convarted,
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun'
by way o' Cuby,
'Twun't seem no staler now than then,
by th' time it gits where you be
You know up North, though secs an'
things air plenty ez you please,
Ther' warn't nut one on 'em that come
jes' square with my idees
They all on 'em wuz too much mixed
with Covenants o' Works,
An' would hav answered jest ez wal for
Afrikins an' Turks,
Fer where's a Christian's privilege an' his
rewards ensuin',
Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an eend 'thout
nary need o' doin'?
I dessay they suit workin'-folke that ain't
noways pertic'lar,

'I HAD JT ON MY MIN'

But nut your Southun gen'leman thet
keeps his perpendic'lar
I dont blame nary man thet casts his
lot along o ~~his~~ folks,
But ef you cal'late to save me I must
be with folks thet ~~is~~ folks
Cov'nants o works go gininst my grain
but down here I've found out
The true fus fam'ly A's plan —here's how
it come about.
When I fus' met up with Miss S sez she
to me sez she,
Without you git religion sur the thing
can't never be
Nut but wut I respeck," sez she your
intellectile part,
But you wunt noways du for me without
a change o heart
Nothun religion works wal North but it's
ez soft ez spruce,
Compared to our for keepin sound " sez
she upon the goose
A day's experunced prove to ye ez easy's
pull a trigger
It takes the Southun pint o view to raise
ten bales a nigger
You'll fin thet human natur South ain't
wholesome more'n skin-deep
An once's ~~darkie's~~ took with it, he wunt
be wuth his keep"

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

"How shall I git it, M'am?" sez I
"Attend the nex' camp-meetin'," sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez cheap ez bleached sheetin'"

Well, so I went along an' hearn most unimpressive sermon
About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-proof dew o' Harmon
He didn't put no weakenin' in, but gin it tu us hot,
'Z ef he an' Satan'd ben two bulls in one five-acre lot
I don't purtend to foller him, but give ye jes' the heads,
For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most ollers kin' o' spreads
Ham's seed wuz gin to us in charge,
an' shouldn't we be li'ble
In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the Bible?
The cusses an' the promisers make one gret chain, an' ef
You snake one link out here, one there,
how much on't ud be lef'?
All things wuz gin to man for's use,
his sarvice, an' delight,
An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words thet mean a Man mean White?

'I HAD IT ON MY WIN'

Aint it belittlin the Good Book in all its
proudes features
To think twuz wrote for black an brown
an *Nassas*-coloured creatures
That couldn read it ef they would nor
ain't by lor allowed to
But ough to take wut we think suits
their naturz an be proud to?
Warn't it more profitble to bring your
raw materil thru
Where you can work it inta grace an
inta cotton tu,
Than sendin missionaries out where severs
might defeat em
An ef the butcher didn call their
prishioners might eat em?
An then agin, wut airthly use? Nor
twarn't our fault, in so fur
Ex Yankee skippers would keep on
a totin on em over
T improved the whites by savin em
from ary need o workin
An kep the blacks from bean lost thru
idleness an shirkin
We took to em ex nat'ral ex a barn-owl
doos to mice,
An hed our hull time on our hands to
keep us out o vice
It made us feel ex poplar ex a hen doos
with one chicken,

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

An' fill our place in Natur's scale by
givin' 'em a lickin'
For why should Cæsar git his dues
more'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cussy?
It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger when
he's stuffy
Where'd their soles go tu, like to know,
ef we should let 'em ketch
Freeknowledgism an' Fourierism an' Speri-
toolism an' sech?
When Satan sets himself to work to raise
his very bes' muss,
He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views re-
latin' to Ones'mus

You'd ough' to seen, though, how his facs
an' argymunce an' figgers
Drawed tears o' real conviction from a
lot o' pen'tent niggers!
It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where
you're shet up in a pew,
Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an'
bilin' to be thru,
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag
o' sunthin' in it,
Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an'
damp ye in a minute,
An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther'
wuzn't no occasion

'I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

To lose the thread, because ye see he
bellered like all Bushan.
It's dry work sollerin argymunce an so
'twix this an that
I felt conviction weighin down somehow
inside my hat
It growed an growed like Jonah's gourd
a kin o whirlin ketched me
Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an owned
up that had fetched me
An when nine tenths o th perriah took
to tumblin roun an hollern
I didn fin no gret in th way o turnin
tu an sollerin
Soon ez Miss S see that sez she *'That's*
wut I call wuth seein !
'That's actin like a reasonable an intel
lectle bein !"
An so we fin'ly made it up concluded
to hitch horses,
An here I be n my ellermunt among
creation's bosses
Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o blanks
Fortin at last hex sent a prize
An chose me for a shinun light o
missionary entaprize.

This leads me to another pint on which
I've changed my plan

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

O' thinkin' so's 't I might become a
straight-out Southun man
Miss S (her maiden name wuz Higgs,
o' the fus' fem'ly here)
On her Ma's side's all Juggernot, on
Pa's all Cavileer,
An' sence I've merried into her an' stept
into her shoes,
It ain't more'n nateral that I should
moddersy my views
I've ben a-readin' in Debow ontil I've
fairly gut
So 'nlightened that I'd full ez lives ha'
ben a Dook ez nut,
An' when we've laid ye all out stiff, an'
Jeff hez gut his crown,
An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't*
this child be in town'
We'll hev an Age o' Chivverlry surpassin'
Mister Burke's,
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary
white man works
Our system's sech, the thing'll root ez
easy ez a tater,
For while your lords in furrin parts ain't
noways marked by natur,
Nor sot apart from ornery folks in featurz
nor in figgers,
Ef ourn'll keep their faces washed, you'll
know 'em from their niggers

"I HAD IT ON MI MIN"

Ain't nock things wuth secedin for an
gittin red o you
Thet waller in your low idees an will
till all is blue?
Fact is we *are* a diff'rent race an I for
one, don't see,
Sech havin ollers ben the cause how w
ever *did* agree.
It's sunthin that you labrin folks up
North hed ough to think on
Thet Higgses can't bemean themselves
to rullin by a Lincoln —
Thet men (an guv'nors, tu) that hez
sech Normal names ez Pickens,
Accustomed to no kin o work, 'thout
'tis to givin lickins
Can't measure votes with folks that git
their livins from their farms
An prob'ly think that Law's ez good ez
bevin coats o arms.
Since I've ben here, I've hired a chap to
look about for me
To git me a transplantable an thrify
fam'ly-tree
An he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much
o Normal blood
EZ Pickens an' the rest on em an
older'n Noah's flood.
Your Nognal schools wunt turn ye into
Normals for its clear

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

If eddykatin' done the thing, they'd be
some skurcer here

Pickenses, Boggses, Pettuses, Magossins,
Letchers, Polks,--

Where can you scare up names like them
among your mudsill folks?

Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em, you'd
fin', ef you should glance,

Among the tip-top semerlies in Englan',
nor in France

I've hearn from 'spensible men whose
word wuz full ez good's their note,

Men thet can run their face for drinks,
an' keep a Sunday coat,

Thet they wuz all on 'em come down, an'
come down pooty fur,

From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz
on, ou' doors wouldn't never stir,

Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but
wut wuz *primy fashy*

O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an'
Afriky an' Ashy

Sech bein' the case, is't likely we should
bend like cotton wickin',

Or set down under anythin' so low-lived
ez a lickin'?

More'n this,—hain't we the literatoor, an'
science, tu, by gorry?

Hain't we them intellectle twips, them
giants, Simms an' Maury,

'I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

Each with full twice the ushle brains like
nothln that I know

'Thout 'twuz a double headed calf I see
once to a show?

For all that, I warn't jest at fust in
favour o secedin

I wuz for layin low a spell to find out
where twuz leadin

For hevin South-Carliny try her hand at
seprtnationin

She takin risks an findin foods an we
co-operationin —

I mean a kin o hangin roun an settin
on the fence

Till Prov dunce pinted how to jump an
save the most expense

I recollectet that ere mine o lead to
Shiraz Centre

Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an didn't
want to ventur

Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud pay
for wut went in

For swappin silver off for lead ain't the
sure way to win

(An fact it doas look now ex though—
but folks must live an larn—

We should git lead, an more n we want
out o the Old Consarn)

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

But when I see a man so wise an' honest
ez Buchanan
A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the
arms an' cannon,
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you
wuz nat'lly wrong,
Coz you wuz lab'r'in' folks an' we wuz
wut they call *bong-tong*,
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more'n
in a mashed potater,
While two o' us can't skurcely meet but
wut we fight by natur,
An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay
for openin' on't a night,
Without it giv the priverlege o' bein'
shot at sight,
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen,
with whom it don't surprise
The British aristoxys should feel boun' to
sympathize,—
Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the thing wuz
strikin' roots
While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes that
some one'd bring his boots,
I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off,
an' let myself be sucked in
To rise a peg an' jine the crowd that
went for reconstructin',—
That is, to hev the pardnership under th'
ole name continner

I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

Jest ex it wuz, we droppin pay you findin
bone an suner --
On y to put it in the bond an enter t in
the journals
Thet you're the natural rank an file, an
we the natural kernels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan thet
ud work smooth ex grease,
Sultin the Nineteenth Century an Upper
Ten ideas,
An there I meant to stick, an so did
most o th leaders tu
Coz we all thought the chance wuz good
o puttin on it thru
But Jeff he hit upon a way o helpin on
us forward
By bein unanermous--a trick you ain't
quite up to Nppard.
A Baldin baln't no more f a chance with
them new apple-corers
Than folks opposition views against the
Ringtail Roarers
They'll take em out on him 'bout east
—one canter on a rail
Makes a man feel unanermous ex Jonah
in the whale
Or ef he's a slow moulded cuss thet can't
seem quite t gree,

"I HAD 'IT ON MY MIN'"

He gits the noose by tellergraph upon
the nighes' tree
Their mission work with Afrikins hez put
'em up, that's sartin,
To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin'
an' convartin',
I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor
all on 'em together,
Thet cairs conviction to the min' like
Reveren' Taranfeather,
Why, he sot up with me one night, an'
laboured to sech purpose,
Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a flock
o' teazin' chirpers
Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness o' eatin'
little birds)
I see my error an' agreed to shen it
arterwurds,
An' I should say (to jedge our folks by
facs in my possession),
Thet three's Unannermous where one's
a 'Riginal Secession,
So it's a thing you sellers North may safely
bet your chink on,
Thet we're all water-proofed agin th'
usurpin' reign o' Lincoln

Jeff's *some* He's gut another plan thet
hez pertic'lur merits,

'I HAD IT ON MY MIV'

In givin things a cheerfle look an stuffin
loose-hung spenits
For while your million papers, wut with
lyin an discussin
keeps folks & tempers all on eend a-sumin
an a-fussin
A wondrin this an guessun thet, an
dreadin every night
The breechin o the Univarze'll break
aforo it's light,
Our papers don't purtend to print on y
wut Guvment choose,
An thet ensures us all to git the very
best o noose
Jeff her it of all sorts an kunes an serves
it out ez wanted
So s t every man gits wut he likes an
nobody ain't scantled
Sometimes it's victories (they're 'bout all
ther' is that's cheap down here)
Sometimes it's France an England on
the jump to interfere.
Fact is the less the people know o wut
ther' is a-doin
The hendir tis for Guvment sence it
henders trouble brewin
An noose is like a shinplaster —it's good
ef you believe it
Or wut's all same the other man thet's
goin to receive it

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's comfortin' to hear
He'll hev no gretter resk to run than seein' th' in'my's rear,
Coz, ef an' F F looks at 'em, they ollers break an' run,
Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet stumble on a dun
(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o' proper fem'ly pride,
Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors are all on Lincoln's side),
Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more'n a Belgin rifle,
An' read thet it's at par on 'Change, it makes me feel deli'fle,
It's cheerin', tu, where every man mus' fortify his bed,
To hear thet Freedom's the one thing our darkies mos'ly dread,
An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to Dixie's Land hez shown
Ther's nothin' like a powder cask fer a studdy corner-stone,
Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is sellin' by the ounce
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons (ef bought in small amounts),
When even whisky's gittin' skurce, an' sugar can't be found,

I HAD IT ON MY MIN

To know thet all the ellermens o luxury
abound?
An don't it glorify sal pork to come to
understand
It's wut the Richmon editors call fatness
o the land?
Nex' thing to knowin you're well off is
nxt to know when y' aint
An ef Jeff says all's goin wal who'll
ventur t' say it aint?

This cairn the Constitoooshun roun ez
Jeff doos in his hat
Is hendier a dresle sight an comes more
kin o' pat.
I tell ye wut my jedgment is you're
poaty sure to fail
Ex long z the head keeps turnin back
for counsel to the tail
Th advantages of our consurn for bein
prompt air gret,
While 'long o Congress you can't strike,
If you git an iron het
They bother roun with argooin an
var'ous sorts o foolin
To make sure ef it's leg'illy het, and all
the while it's coolin
So s t when you come to strike it aint
no gret to wish ye fy on

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more
ez wut it doos the iron
Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three
months at a stretch,
Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air
mostly made to metch,
He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps an'
reg'lar ten-inch bores,
An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they'll
du it with closed doors,
So they ain't no more bothersome than
ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,
An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one
another's Buncombe
'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout its
costin' nothin',
Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they
findin' keep an' clothin',
They taste the sweets o' public life, an'
plan their little jobs,
An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret harm,
for it's ez dry ez cobs),
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe
ez in a prison,
An' hev their business to themselves, while
Buregard hez hisn
Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits,
committees can't make bother
'Bout whether 't's done the legle way or
whether 't's done the t'other

' I HAD IT ON MY MIN!'

An I tell you you've got to larn that
War ain't one long teeter
Betwixt I was to an Twentys do-
batin like a skeetur
Afore he lights — all is to give the other
side a millin
An arter that's done, th ain't no reck
but wut the lor'll be willin
No metter wut the guv'ment is ex nigh
ex I can hit it
A lickin's constitoooshunul pervidin It
don't git it.
Jeff don't stan dilly-dallyin afores he takes
a fort
(With no one in) to git the leave o' the
nex' Soopreme Court
Nor don't want forty 'leven weeks o'
jawlin an expoundin
To prove a nigger hez a right to save him
ef he's drowndin
Whereas ole Abram d sink afores he'd let
a darkie boost him
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an hedn't
interdooced him.
It ain't your twenty millions that'll ever
block Jeff a game,
But one Man that wun't let em jog jest
ex he's takin aim
Your numbers they may strengthen ye
or weaken ye, ex t heppens

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

They're willin' to be helpin' hands or
wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns

I've chose my side, an' 'tain't no odds ef I
wuz drawed with magnets,
Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine the
nighes' bagnets,
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out, from
all I see an' heard,
Th' ole Constitooshun never'd git her
decks for action cleared,
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor
shotes that want to go
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no
otherways than so,
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz
they wun't show ez talkers,
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof'-soap
ye at a caucus,—
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye do
by folks's merits,
EZ though experunce thriv by change o'
sile, like corn an' kerrits,—
Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims" coz,
spite o' shoves an' tippins,
He's kep' his private pan jest where 'twould
ketch mos' public drippins,—
Long 'z A.'ll turn tu an' grin' B.'s exe, ef
B.'ll help him grin' hisn

I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

(An thets the main idee by which your
leadin men hev risen) —
Long 'z you let *any* exo be groun' 'less
'tis to cut the weasan
O sneaks that dunno till they're told wut
is an wut aint Trenson —
Long z ye give out commissions to a lot
o peddling drones
Thet trade in whisky with their men and
skin em to their bones, —
Long z ye sift out "safe" canderdates
that no one aint afear'd on
Cox they're so thundrin eminent for bein'
never heard on
An haint no record ez it's called for
folks to pick a hole in
Ex ef it hurt a man to hev a body with
a soul in
An it wuz ostentashun to be showin' on t
about
When half his feller citizens contrive to
du without, —
Long 'z you suppose your votes can turn
biled kobbage into brain
An ary man thets poplar's fit to drive a
lightnin-train, —
Long z you believe democracy means *I'm*
as good as you be
An thema seller from the ranks can't be
a knave or booby —

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like
yer street cars an' yer 'busses,
With ollers room for jes' one more o'
your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an'
yit with means about 'em
(Like essence-peddlers¹) thet'll make folks
long to be without 'em,
Jes' heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's
doubtsle the wrong way,
An' make their nat'rал arsenal o' bein'
nasty pay,—
Long 'z them things last (an' I don't see
no gret signs of improvin'),
I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor
'twouldn't pay for movin',
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the long'st
day ever *you* see
Yourn (ez I 'spec' to be nev' spring),
B , MARKISS o' BIG BOOSY

¹ A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Mephitis*

Festina Lente

Once on a time there was a pool
Fringed all about with flag leaves cool
And spotted with cow lilies garish
Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.
Alders the creaking redwings sink on
Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lin
coln
Hedged round the unassailed seclusion
Where muskrats piled their cells Car
thusian
And many a moss-embroidered log
The watering place of summer frog
Slept and decayed with patient skill
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Threnie
Which realized the fairest dream
That ever dozing bull-frog had
Sunned on a half-sunk lily pad
There rose a party with a mission
To mend the polliwogs condition
Who notified the selectmen
To call a meeting there and then

FESTINA LENTE

"Some kind of steps," they said, "are
needed,

They don't come on so fast as we did
Let's dock their tails, if that don't make
'em

Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em!
That boy, that came the other day
To dig some flag-root down this way,
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign
That Heaven approves of our design
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,
When Providence has sent the weapon"

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,
That led the deep batrachian choir,
Uk' Uk' Caronk! with bass that might
Have left Lablache's out of sight,
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go!
You'd better let 'em try to grow
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still
He does know how to make a pill"

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,
Their old experience out of place,
And spite of croaking and entreating,
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs,

FESTINA LENTE

But do not undertake the work
Of Nature till she prove a shark
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,
But wins her way by circumstances
Pray wait awhile until you know
We're so contrived as not to grow
Let Nature take her own direction
And she'll absorb our imperfection
You mightn't like em to appear with
But we must have the things to steer
with."

No" piped the party of reform
All great results are taken by storm
Fate holds her best gifts till we show
We've strength to make her let them
go
No more reject the Age's chrism
Your queues are an anachronism
No more the Future's promise mock
But lay your tails upon the block,
Thankful that we the means have voted
To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were
cropped,
And home each philotadpole hopped
In faith rewarded to exult
And wait the beautiful result.

FESTINA LENTE

Too soon it came, our pool, so long
The theme of patriot bull-frogs' song,
Next day was reeking, fit to smother,
With heads and tails that missed each
other,--

Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts,
The only gainers were the pouts

MORAL

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text,
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature

A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session



CONJECTURALLY REPORTED
BY R. BIGLOW

I sent you a message my friens, t other
day

To tell you I'd nothin pertickler to say
Twuz the day our new nation gut kin o
stillborn,

So twuz my pleasant dooty t acknow
ledge the corn

An I see clearly then ef I didn't before
Thet the ~~sugger~~ in inauguration means
~~bore~~

I needn't tell ~~yow~~ that my message wuz
written

To diffuse correc notions in France an
Gret Britten

An agin to impress on the poppylar
mood

The ~~comfort~~ an wisdom o goin it
blind —

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

To say that I didn't abate not a hootie
O' my sulh in a happy un' glorious
futur,
Ez rich in each soshle un' p'litickle
blessin'
Ez them thet we now hed the joy o'
possessin',
With a people united, an' longin' to die
For wut we call their country, without
askin' why,
An' all the gret things we concluded to
slope for
Ez much within reach now ez ever—to
hope for
We've all o' the elements, this very
hour,
Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin'
power
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag }
ef this
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, / wut on
airth is?
An' nothin' now henders our takin' our
station
Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civerlized
nation,
Built up on our bran'-new politickle
thesis
Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble
to picces,—

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I say nothin' hinders our takin' our place
Ex the very fus-best o' the whole human race,
A-spittin' tobacker ex proud ex you please
On Victory's bee carpets, or loafin' at ease
In the Tool'nies front-parlour discussin'
affairs
With our heels on the backs o' Napoleon's new chairs,
An' prances a mixin' our cocktails an' slingin' —
Excep' wal except jest a very few things
Sech ex navies an' armies an' wherewithal to pay
An' gittin' our sopers to run t other way
An' not be too over-pernickler in tryin'
To hunt up the very las' ditches to die in.

Ther' are critters so base that they want it explained
Jes' wut is the totle amount that we've gained,
Ex ef we could maysure stupenjious events
By the low Yankee standard o' dollars an' cents
They seem to forgit, ther', sence last year
revived

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

We've succeeded in gittin' secessed an'
dissolved,
An' thet no one can't hope to git thru
dissolootion
'Thout some kin' o' strain on the best Con-
stitootion
Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin' an'
bright,
When from here clean to Texas it's all one
free fight?
Hain't we rescued from Seward the gret
leadin' features
Thet makes it wuth while to be reasonin'
creatures?
Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, improved
it in fact,
By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o' the
Act?
Ain't the laws free to all? Where on airth
else d'ye see
Every freeman improvin' his own rope an'
tree?

It's ne'ssary to take a good confident tone
With the public, but here, jest amongst
us, I own
Things look blacker'n thunder Ther's no
use denyin'
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out
o' lyin',—

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Two things a young nation can't manage
without

If she wants to look well at her first comin
out;

For the first supplies physical strength
while the second

Gives a moral advantage that's hard to
be reckoned

For this latter I'm willin' to do what I
can

For the former you'll have to consult on a
plan —

Though our *first* want (an this point I want
your best views on)

Is plausible paper to print I O L * on
Some gentlemen think it would cure all
our cankers

In the way o finance es we jes hanged
the bankers

An I own the propose ud square with my
views

If their lives warn't all that we'd lost em
to lose.

Some say that more confidence might be
inspired

If we voted our cities an towns to be
fired, —

A plan that ud suddenly tax our endurance
Coz 'twould ~~do~~ our own bills we should git
for th insurance

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But cinders, no matter how sacred we
think 'em,
Mightn't strike fur in minds o' good sources
of income,
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't like the
eclaw
O' bein' ill turned into pytriots by law
Some wint we should buy ill the cotton
an' burn it,
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the
war, to return it,—
Then to take the proceeds an' hold *then*
er security
For in issue o' bonds to be met at ma-
turity
With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard
cash
On the fus' Monday tollerin' the 'tarnal
Allsmash
This hez a safe air, in', once hold o' the
gold,
'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the
cold,
An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't
for the dip he
Once gut from the banks o' my own
Mississippi
Some think we could make, by arrangin'
the figgers,
A hendy home-currency out of our niggers,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech
staff

For they're gittin tu current already by
half

One gentleman says ef we lef' our loan
out

Where Floyd could git hold on t ~~we~~'d take
it no doubt

But 'tain't jes the takin though t her' a
good look

We mus git sunthin out on it arter it's
took,

An we need now more'n ever with sorcer
I own,

That some one another should let us a
loan,

Since a soger wun't fight, on'y jes' while
he draws his

Pay down on the nail for the best of all
causes

'Thout askin to know wut the quarrel's
about,—

An once come to that, why our game is
played out.

It's ex true ex though I shouldn't never
hev said it,

That a ~~hitch~~ her took place in our system
of credit

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I swear it's all right in my speeches an' messiges,
But ther's ideas afloat, ez ther' is about sessiges
Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade on,
Without nosin' round to find out wut it's made on,
An' the thought more an' more thru the public min' crosses
Thet our Tresh'ry hez gut 'mos' too many dead hosses
Wut's called credit, you see, is some like a balloon,
Thet looks while it's up 'most ez handsome 'z a moon,
But once git a leak in't, an' wut looked so grand
Caves right down in a jiffy ez flat ez your hand
Now the world is a dressle mean place,
for our sins,
Where ther' ollus is critters about with long pins
A-prickin' the globes we've blowed up with sech care,
An' provin' ther's nothin' inside but bad air
They're all Stuart Millses, poor-white trash,
an' sneaks,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Without no more chivverly'n Choctaws or
Greeks,
Who think a real gentleman's promise
to pay
Is meant to be took in trade a ornary way
Them sellers an I couldn't never agree
They're the material foes o the Southun
Idee
I'd gladly take all of our other risks on
me
To be red o this low-lived politikle con my !

Now a dastardly notion is gettin about
That our bladder is bust an the gas oozin
out
An onless we can mennage in some way
to stop it,
Why the thing's a gone coon an we
might ez wal drop it.
Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes
the thing
For a stiddy inves'ment the shiners to
bring
An votin' we're prosp'rous a hundred times
over
Wun't change bein starved into livin on
clover
~~Manassas~~ done sunthin tow'rds drawin
the wool

A MESSAGE OF JEFF' DAVIS

O'er the green, anti-slavery eyes o' John Bull
Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when sech tight fixes
Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw double-sixes!
I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't no wonder,
Ther' wuz reelly a Providence,—over or under,—
When, all packed for Nashville, I fust ascertained
From the papers up North wut a victory we'd gained
'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc' views abroad
Of our union an' strength an' relyin' on God,
An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust big surprise,
I much ez half b'lieved in my own tallest lies,
An' conveyed the idee thet the whole Southun popperlace
Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump for Thermopperlies,
Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs till they bust,
An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the fust,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But Roanoke, Buford, Mill Springs an' the rest
Of our recent starri-foremost successes out West
Hain't left us a foot for our swellin' to stand on,—
We've showed too much o' what Breckinridge calls abandon
For all our Thermopylles (an it's a marcy
We haint had no more) hav ben clean vic'y vars'y
An' what Spartans wuz lef' when the battle wuz done
Wuz them that wuz too unambitious to run.

Oh ef we hed on y jes gut Recognition
Things now would ha ben in a different position!
You'd ha hed all you wanted the paper blockade
Smashed up into toothpicks—unlimited trade
In the one thing that's needle, till niggers I swow
Hed ben thicker'n a provisional shinplasters now —
Quinine by the ton gnast the shakes when they seize ye —

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Nice paper to coin into C S A specie,
The voice of the driver'd be heerd in our
land,
An' the univarse scringe ef we lifted our
hand
Wouldn't *that* be some like a fulfillin' the
prophecies,
With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust
offices?
'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorrer is
idle,—
But *ef* Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason
an' Slidell!
They ain't o' no good in Európean pellices,
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on
their gallowses!
They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin' their
mission,
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Ree-
cognition!

But somehow another, wutever we've tried,
Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts *wun't*
coincide
Facs are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard in
the mouth,
An' they allushev showed a mean spite
to the South
Sech bein' the case, we hed best look about

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

For some kin o' way to slip *our* necks out
Let's vote our las dollar ef one can be
found
(An at any rate votin' it hex a good
sound) —
Let's swear that to arms all our people
is flyin'
(The critters can't read, an wun't know
how we're lyin') —
That Toombs is advancin' to sack Cincin-
nater
With a rovin' commission to pillage an
slahter —
That we've throwed to the winds all regard
for wut's lawfie, ^
An gone in for sunthin' promiscu sly awfie.
Ye see, hitherto it's our own knaves an
fools
That we've used (those for whetstones, an
t'others ex tools)
An now our las chance is in puttin' to
test
The same kin o' cattle up North an out
West.
I——But Gentlemen here's a despatch
yer' come in
Which shows that the tide's begun turnin'
agin —
Great Cornfednt success! C'lumbus eeva
~~cooated!~~

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I mus' run down an' hev the thing properly
stated,
An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how
lucky
To fin'lly git red o' thet cussed Kentucky,—
An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin' the
day
Consists in triumphantly gittin' away

Speech of
Honourable Pre-
served Doe in
Secret Caucus

I thank ye, my frens, for the warmth o
your greetin
Ther's few airthly blessums but wut's vam
an fleetin
But ef ther' is one that hain't no cracks
an flaws,
An is wuth goin in for its pop'lar ap-
plause
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,
An I feel it—wal down to the eend o my
pockets.
Jes' lovin the people is Canaan in view
But its Canaan paid quarterly t hev em
love you
It's a blessum thet's breakin out allus in
fresh spots
It's a follerin Moses 'thout losin the flesh-
pots.
But, Gentlemen 'scuse me, I ain't seek
~~for~~ raw cus

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a caucus,—
Thet is, into one where the call comprehens
Nut the People in person, but on'y their
fiends,
I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the
masses
Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin'
asses,
I forgut that *we're* all o' the sort that pull
wires
An' arrange for the public their wants an'
desires,
An' that wut we hed met for wuz jes' to
agree
Wut the People's opinions in futur should
be

Now, to come to the nub, we've ben all
disappinted,
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' dis-
jinted,—
Though, fur ez the nateral man could dis-
cern,
Things ough' to ha' took 'most an opper-
site turn
But The'ry is jes' like a train on the
rail,
Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without
fail,

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

While Fac' s the ole stage thet gits
sloughed in the ruts,
An hez to allow for your darned efs an
buts
An so nut intendin no pers'nal reflections,
They don't—don t nut allus, thet is—make
connections
Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet
they'd oughter
Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an
water
Both'll be jest ez sor in their ways ez a
bagnet,
Ex otherwise-minded ez th eends of a
magnet
An folks likes you n me, thet aint opt
to be sold
Git somehow or nother left out in the cold

I expected fore this thout no gret of a
row
Jeff D would ha ben where A. Lincoln
is now
With Taney to say twuz all legie an
fair
An a jury o Democrats ready to swear
Thet the ingin o State gut throwed into
the ditch
By the fault o the North in misplacin
the switch.

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss 'em,
But the People they wouldn't be Mexicans,
cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z
you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean
away?
An' doosn't the right *primy-fashy* in-
clude
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we'd gone for the Union so
strong,
When Union meant South ollus right an'
North wrong,
Thet the People gut fooled into thinkin'
it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in
the right
We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rrous
ez France,
Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair chance,
An' the People is heppy an' proud et this
hour,
Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap
hev the power,
But *our* folks they went an' believed wut
we'd told 'em,
An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could
hold 'em

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

'Twuz pervokin jest when we wuz cert'in
to win —
An I for one, wun't trust the masses
agin
For a people thet knows much ain't fit
to be free
In the self-cocklin back-action style o J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on't is lies
For who'd thought the North wuz agoin
to rise,
Or take the pervokin est kin o a stump
'Thout twuz sunthin ex pressin ex Ga
br'e's las trump?
Or who'd ha supposed arter seck swell
an bluster
Bout the Hick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they d
muster
Raised by hand on briled lightnin ex
op'lent z you please,
In a primitive furrest o fernmily trees —
Who'd ha thought thet them Southuners
ever ud show
Starns with pedigrees to 'em like thelm to
the foe
Or when the varmosin come ever to find
Natral masters in front an mean white
folks behind?
By ginger ef I d ha known half I know
now

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

When I wuz to Congress, I wouldn't, I
swow,
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an'
sarsy,
'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call
vicy-varsy
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes'
then
To be drefle forbearin' towards Southun
men,
We hed to go sheers in preservin' the
bellance
An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin'
their tellents
'Thout some un to kick, 'twarn't more'n
proper, you know,
Each should funnish his part, an' sence
they found the toe,
An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we found the
buffer,
For fear that the Compromise System
should suffer

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant
featurs,—
For men are perverse an' onreasonin'
creatures,
An' forgit that in this life 'tain't likely to
heppen

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Their own privit fancy should ollus be
cappin —
But it worked jest ex smooth ex the key
of a safe,
An the gret Union bearins played free
from all chafe.
They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed their
own way
An we (thet is some on us) made the
thing pay
Twuz a fair give an take out of Uncle
Sam's heap
Ef they took wut warn't theurn wut we
give come ex cheap
The elect gut the offices down to tide-
waiter
The people took alldunn ex mild ex a
tater
Seemed to choose who they wanted tu
footed the bills
An felt kind o' z though they wuz havin
their wills
Which kep em ex harmless an cherlie
ex crickets,
While all we invested wux names on the
tickets
Wal ther's nothin for folks fond o' liberal
consumption
Free o' charge like democacy tempered
with gumption!

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in
presarvin',
Where the people found jints an' their
friens done the carvin',—
Where the many done all o' their thinkin'
by proxy,
An' were proud on't ez long ez 'twuz
christened Democ'cy,—
Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's
foundations,
Ef you call it reformin' with prudence
an' patience,
An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should
hetch with the rest,
Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the
nest?
But it's all out o' kilter ('twuz too good
to last),
An' all jes' by J D 's perceedin' too fast,
Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two
more,
We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they
hed ben before
Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in confusion,
We wuz safely entrenched in the ole Con-
stitootion,
With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated
fort
To rake all assailants,—I mean th' S J
Court.

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef you
should skin me)

"Twuz wise to abandon sech works to
the in my

An let him fin out that wut scared him
so long

Our whole line of argymnts lookin so
strong

All our Scriptur' an law every theory an
fac'

Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-slavery
black.

Why ef the Republicans ever should git
Andy Johnson or some one to lend em
the wit

An the spunk jes' to mount Constitootion
an Court

With Columbiad guns, your real elec
rights sort,

Or drill out the spike from the ole Declara
tion

Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn roun
creation

We'd better take maysures for shettin up
shop

An put off our stock by a vendoo or swop

But they wun't never dare tu you'll see
g' em in Edom

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

'Fore they ventur to go where their
doctrines 'ud lead 'em
They've ben takin' our princerbles up ez
we dropt 'em,
An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt
'em,
But they'll fin' out 'fore long that their
hope's ben deceivin' 'em,
An' that princerbles ain't o' no good, ef
you b'lieve in 'em,
It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to
use,
Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole
pair o' shoes
If we say'n our pletform that all men are
brothers,
We don't mean that some folks ain't more
so'n some others,
An' it's wal understood that we make a
selection,
An' that brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter
'lection
The fust thing for sound politicians to
larn is,
Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o'
harness,
Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come
to apply it,
You're ept to hurt some folks's interists
by it.

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Wal these ere Republicans (some on em)
 ects
Ex though ginal marlins ud suit speble
 facts
An there's where we'll nick em, there's
 where they'll be lost
For applyin your principles wut makes
 it cost
An folks don't want Fourth o July t'
 interfere
With the business consarns o the rest o
 the year
No more'n they want Sunday to pry an
 to peak
Into wut they are doin the rest o the
 week.

A ginocine statesman should be on his
 guard,
Ef he ~~want~~ hav beliefs nut to b'lieve em
 tu hard
For ex sure ex he does, he'll be blartun'
 em out
Thout regardin the natur o man more'n
 a spout,
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick
 out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the
 jaw

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

An' so in our own case I ventur to hint
Thet we'd better nut air our perceedin's
in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your
arm
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, du
us harm,
For when you've done all your real meanin'
to smother,
The darned things'll up an' mean sunthin'
or 'nother
Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his "born
free an' ekle",
But it's turned out a real crooked stick
in the sekle,
It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you
see?—
From the pop'lar belief to root out thet
idee,
An', arter all, suckers on 't keep buddin'
forth
In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the
North
No, never say nothin' without you're com-
pelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can
be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin'
loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

You know I'm a feller that keeps a skinned eye
On the leetle events that go skurryin by
Coz it's ofner by them than by gret ones you'll see
Wut the p'litickle weather is likely to be.
Now I don't think the South's more'n begun to be licked,
But I do think, ex Jeff says, the wind-bag's gut pricked
It'll blow for a spell an keep puffin an wheezin
The tighter our army an navy keep squeezin —
For they can't help spread-eaglein long as ther's a mouth
To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at the South.
But it's high time for us to be settin our faces
Towards reconstructin the national basis
With an eye to beginnin agin on the jolly ticks
We used to chalk up 'hind the backdoor o politics
An the fus thing's to save wut of Slav'ry ther's lef'
Arter this (I mus call it) imprudence o Jeff

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

For a real good Abuse, with its roots fur
an' wide,
Is the kin' o' thing I like to hev on my
side,
A Scriptur name makes it ez sweet ez
a rose,
An' it's tougher the older an' uglier it
grows—
(I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness
of it,
But the p'litickle purchase it gives, an'
the profit)

Things look pooty squally, it must be
allowed,
An' I don't see much signs of a bow in
the cloud
Ther's too many Deemocrats—leaders,
wut's wuss—
Thet go for the Union 'thout carin' a cuss
Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard
on,
So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian
bird on
But ther's still some conservative signs
to be found
Thet shows the gret heart o' the People
is sound
(Excuse me for usin' a stump phrase ag'in,

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

But, once in the way on t they will stick
 like sin)

There's Phillips for instance hez jes
 sketched a Tartar

In the Law n-Order Party of ole Cin-
 cinnater

An the Compromise System ain't gone
 out o reach

Long 'z you keep the right llmits on
 freedom o speech.

'Twarn't none too late neither to put
 on the gag

For he's dangerous now he goes in for
 the flag

Nut that I altogether approve o bad
 eggs

They're mos' gin'dly argymunt on its las
 lega,—

An their logic is ept to be tu indiscriminate

Nor don't ullus want the right objecs to
 Timinate

But there is a variety on em, you'll
 find

Jest ex usefle an more, besides bein
 refined —

I mean o the sort that are laid by the
 dictionary

Sech ex sophisms an cant that'll kerry
 fconviction ary

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Way thet you want to the right class o' men,
An' are staler than all 't ever come from a hen
"Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun friends
Took the savour all out on't for national ends,
But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell yit,
When the war's done, an' so will "Forgive-an'-forgit"
Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o' all jint,
Ef we can't make a good constitooional pint,
An' the good time'll come to be grindin' our eyes,
When the war goes to seed in the nettle o' texes
Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps to assist him,
I give up my faith in the free-suffrage system,
Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',
Nor p'litikle capital much wuth investin',
An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay low
Till we see the right minute to put in our blow

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

But I've talked longer now n I hed any
idoo,
An ther's others you want to hear mor'n
you du me
So I'll set down an give that ere bottle
a skrummage,
For I've spoke till I'm dry ez a real graven
image.

Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line



Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precedents in law
Your gran'ma'am put it there,—when,
goodness knows,—

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday clo'es,
But the old chust wun't sarve her gran'son's
wife

(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in
life?),

An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks
dread

O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last sub-
sides

To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides,
But better days stick fast in heart an'
husk,

An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk

Jes' so with poets wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an'
head,

SUNTHIN' PASTORAL

So's t they can't seem to write but jest
on sheer

With furrin countries or played-out ideers
Nor hev a feelin' ef it doosen't smack
O wut some critter chose to feel 'way
back

This makes em talk o daisies larks,
an things,

Ex though wed nothin' here that blows
an sings

(Why I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o larks in printer's
ink) —

This makes em think our fust o May
is May

Which 'tain't for all the almanicks can
say

O little city gals don't never go it
Blind on the word o newspaper or poet!
They're apt to puff an May-day seldom
looks

Up in the country ex it doos in books
They're no more like than hornets nests
an hives,

Or printed sermons be to holy lives.
I with my trouser perched on cowhide
boots,

Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev agen ye come to fling on April's hearse

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to
choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker
shoes
I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come
wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardi-
hood
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o'
winch,
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the
inch,
But yit we du contrive to worry thru';
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to
find
Some blooms thet make the season suit
the mind,
An' seem to match the doubtin' bluebird's
notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you
oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets, sure
ez sin,

RASTORAL LINE

The rebbles frosts'll try to drive em in
For half our May's so awfully like Maynt,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evige saint
Though I own up I like our back'ard
springs

Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an
things

An when you most give up 'ithout more
words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves,
an birds

Thet's Northun natur slow an apt to
doubt,

But when it does git stirred ther's no
gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'in in
tall trees,

An settlin things in windy Congresses —
Queer politicians, though for I'll be
skinned

If all on em don't head against the wind.
Fore long the trees begin to show belief —

The maple crimson to a coral reef

Then saffern swarms swing off from all
the willers

So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then grey hossches nuts leetle hands un
fold

Softeg'n a baby's be at three days old

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick, he
knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows,
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag
behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up
her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh
their dams

Heaped up with ice thet dovetails in an'
jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole
cleft,

Grows stronger, ficer, tears out right
an' left,

Then all the waters bow themselves an'
come,

Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin'
foam,

Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June

Then all comes crowdin' in, afore you
think,

Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods
with pink,

The catbird in the laylock bush is loud,
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,

PASTORAL LIME

Red cedars blossom tu though few folks
know it
An look all dipt in sunshine like a poet
The lime trees pile their solid stacks o
shade
An drows'ly simmer with the bees sweet
trade
In ellum-shrouds the flashin hangbird
clings
An for the summer vy'ge his hammock
slings
All down the loose walled lanes in archin
bowers
The barbry droops its strings o golden
flowers
Whose shrinkin hearts the school gals
love to try
With pins —they'll worry youn so, boys,
bimeby!
But I don't love your cat'logue style —do
you?—
Ex ef to sell off Natur by vendoo
One word with blood int's twice ex good
ex two
'Nuff sed! June's bridesman, poet o the
year
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings
Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin
wings,

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru
the air

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly
pains,
Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to

Oft by myself to hev a privit talk
With a queer critter that can't seem to
'gree

Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me
Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—
I'm crowded jes' to think that folks are
nigh,

An' can't bear nothin' closer than the
sky,

Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind
Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-west
weather,

My innard vane pints east for weeks to-
gether,

My natur gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins
Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez
pins

Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight

PASTORAL LINE

With the one cuss I can't lay on the
shelf

The crook'dest stick in all the heap —
Myself.

'Twuz so lar Sabbath arter meetin-time
Findin my feelin's wouldn't noways rhyme
With nobody's but off the handle flew
An took things from an east wind pint
o view

I started off to lose me in the hills
Where the pines be, up back o 'Slah's
Mills

Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends
I know

They mope an sigh an sheer your feelin's
so —

They heah the ground beneath so tu I
swan

You half forgot you've gut a body on

Ther's a small school us there where four
roads meet,

The doorsteps hollered out by little feet,
An side-posts carved with names whose
owners grew

To gret men, some on em an deacons, tu
Taint used no longer coz the town hex
gut

SUNTHIN' IN THE

A high-school, where they teach the Lord
 knows wut

Three-story larnin', 's pop'lar now, I guess
We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories less,
For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez
 sinnin'

By overloadin' children's underpinnin',
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me

We're curus critters Now ain't jes' the
 minute

Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it,
Long ez 'twuz futur, 'twould be perfect
 bliss,—

Soon ez it's past, *that* time's wuth ten o'
 this,

An' jit there ain't a man that need be told
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o'
 gold

A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a
 man,

Now, gittin' grey, ther's nothin' I enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy
So the ole school'us' is a place I choose
Afore all others, ef I want to muse,
I set down where I used to set, an' git
My boyhood back, an' better things with
 it,—

PASTORAL LYME

Faith Hope, an sunthin ef it isn't
Cherry
It's want o guile an that's ex gret a
territy —
While Fancy's cushion free to Prince and
Clown
Makes the hard bench ex soft ex milk
weed-down

Now 'fore I knowed that Sabbath arter
noon
That I set out to tramp myself in tune,
I found me in the schoolus on my seat
Drummin the march to No-whereas with
my feet.

Thinkin o nothin I've heerd ole folks say
Is a hard kind o dooty in its way
It's thinkin everythin you ever know
Or ever hearn to make your feelin a blue.
I set there tryin that on for a spell
I thought o the Rebellion then o Hell
Which some folks tell ye now is jest a
metterfor

(A theory p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the
better for)

I thought o Reconstruction wut we'd win
Patchin our patent self-blow-up agin
I thought of this ere million o the wits
So much a month warn't givin Natur
fits,—

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk
fail,

To work the cow that hez an iron tail,
An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
Would send up cream to humour ary man
From this to that I let my worryin' creep,
Till finally I must ha' fell asleep

Our lives in sleep are some like streams
that glide

'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each
side,

Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix
an' mingle

In sunthin' that ain't jes' like either single,
An' when you cast off moorin's from To-
day,

An' down towards To-morrer drift away,
The images that tangle on the stream
Make a new upside-down'ard world o'
dream

Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks
an' warnin's

O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath morn-
nin's,

An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,
Sunthin' that says your supper ain't gone
right

I'm gret on dreams, an' often, when I
wake,

PASTORAL LINE

I've lived so much it makes my memory
ache,
An can't skorce take a cat-nap in my cheer
Thout hevin em some good, some bad
all queer

Now I wuz settin where I'd ben it seemed,
An ain't sure yet whether I r'ally dreamed
Nor ef I did how long I might ha' slept
When I hearn some un stompin up the
step

An lookin round, ef two an two make
four

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots an spurs
With rowels to em big ez chestnut burrs
An his gret sword behund him sloped
away

Long z a man's speech that dunno wut
to say —

If your name's Biglow an your given
name

Hosee," sez he, "it's arter you I came
I'm your gret-granther multiplied by
three." —

My what?" sez I — Your gret-gret-gret "
sez he

You wouldn't ha' never ben here but
for me.

Two hundred an three year ago this May

SUNTHIN' IN THE

The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay,
I'd ben a cunnel in our Civil War,—
But wut on airth hev *you* gut up one for?
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't for
you

To git a notion you can du 'em tu
I'm told you write in public prints ef
true,

It's nateral you should know a thing or
two"—

"Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-
dorse,—

'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you
kep' a horse,

For brains," sez I, "wutever you may
think,

Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-an'-
ink,—

Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped
jes' quickenin'

The churn would argoo skim milk into
thickenin',

But skim milk ain't a thing to change
its view

O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky
flue

But du pray tell me, 'fore we furder go,
How in all Natur did you come to know
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-
Come?"—

PASTORAL LYRÉ

Well I worked round at print raps o
some

In danced th' Miller till th' raps was
gone

In hopes o' learnin' what was gain on "
See he but m jum li so like all plit
Thit I concluded it was best to quit
But come now if you want critis to
knowin'

You've som conjecture how the things a
gain?"—

"Gran'ther" says I a man won't never
known

Not asked to have a judgment of it an
An yit, if 'd want full tally in the jui
It's eas to true t' his say on certain point
It knows the wind's opinions to a T
An the wind settles out the weather'll
be"—

I never thought a scion of our stock
Could grow the wood to make a weather
cock

When I was younger n you skurfer more'n
a shaver

No earthly wind" as he could make
me waver!"

(Ex he call thi he clucthed his jaw an
forehead)

Hitchin hi belt to bring his sword hilt
forward.)—

SUNTHIN' IN THE

"Jes' so it wuz w with me," sez I, "I swow,
When *I* wuz younger'n wut you see me
now,—

Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldy's
bonnet,

Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedg-
ment on it,

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
It's a sight harder to make up my mind,—
Nor I don't often try tu, when events
Will du it for me free of all expense
The moral question's ollus plain enough,—
It's jes' the human-natur side that's tough,
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me or
you,—

The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*
Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez
grease,

Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n
idees,—

But come to *make* it, ez we must to-
day,

Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the
way

It's easy fixin' things in facts an' figgers,—
They can't resist, nor warn't brought up
with niggers,

But come to try your the'ry on,—why, then
Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant
men

PASTORAL LINE

Actin ex ugly—" Smite em hip an
thigh!"

Sex gran ther and let every man-child
die!

Oh for three weeks o Crommle an the
Lord!

Up Is'r'l to your tents an grind the
sword!"—

Thet kind o thing worked wal in ole
Judee,

But you forgit how long it's ben A.D.

You think that's ellenkence,—I call it
shoddy

A thing " sez I wunt cover soul nor
body

I like the plain all-wool o common sense

Thet warms ye now an will a twelve
month hence.

Yow took to follern where the Prophets
beckoned

An fust you knowed on back come
Charles the Second

Now wut I want's to hav all ~~the~~ gain stick

An not to start Millennium too quick

We hain't to punish only but to keep

An the cure's gut to go a centry deep —

Wal milk-an water nunt the best o
glue"

Sez he an so you'll find afore you're
thru

SUNTHIN', IN THE

Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally
Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally
Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck
gut split,

Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit
Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez gin
the exe—”

“Our Charles,” sez I, “hez gut eight
million necks

The hardest question ain't the black man's
right,

The trouble is to 'mancipate the white,
One's chained in body an' can be sot free,
But t'other's chained in soul to an idee
It's a long job, but we shall worry thru
it,

Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must du
it.”—

“Hosee,” sez he, “I think you're goin'
to fail

The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail,
This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rettle,—
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've won
the bettle,

It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin'
head,

An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead,—
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by waitin'
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to de-
batin'!”—

PASTORAL LINE

God's truth!" sez I — an ef I held the
club

An knowed jes' where to strike — but
there's the rub!"—

Strike soon " sez he, or you'll be deadly
fullin —

Folks that's afear'd to fall are sure o
fallin ;

God hates your sneakin creturs that be-
lieve

He'll settle things they run away an leave!"
He brought his foot down fiercely ex he
spoke,

An give me sech a startle that I woke.

Latest Views of Mr. Biglow



Ef I a song or two could make,
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',
All leap an' light, to leave a wake
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'!—
But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the time
Fer stringin' words with settisfaction
Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme
'Twixt upright Will an' downright Ac-
tion

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,
But gabble's the short cut to ruin,
It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap
At no rate, ef it henders doin',
Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set
A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin'
Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet
Their lids down on 'em with Fort Warren

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed
Who sot the magazine afire,

MR BIGLOW

An whether ef Bob Wickliffe bust,
Twould scare us more or blow us higher
D ye spouse the Gret Foreseer's plan
Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin ?
Or thet ther'd ben no Fall o Man
Ef Adam d on y bit a sweetun ?

Oh, Jon than, ef you want to be
A rugged chap agin an hearty
Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D
Nut wut'll boost up ary party
Here a hell broke loose, an we lay flat
With half the universe a-singin
Till Senator This an Gov'nor That
Stop squabbin fer the garding-ingin.

It's war we're in, not politics
It's systems wrastlin now not parties
An victory in the eend'll fix
Where longest will an truest heart is.
An wut's the Guv'ment folks about?
Tryin to hope ther's nothin doin
An look ex though they didn't doubt
Sunthin pertickler wuz a-brewin

Ther's critters yit thet talk an act
Fer wut they call Conciliation
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all Bashan.

LATEST VIEWS OF

Conciliate? it jest means *be licked*,

No metter how they phrase an' tone it,
It means that we're to set down licked,
That we're poor shotes an' glad to own
it!

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,

But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce

Without no moral specie-basis
Ef greenbacks ain't nut jest the cheese,
I guess ther's evils that's extremer,—
Fer instance,—shinplaster idees
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour

Last year, the Nation, at a word,

When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield
her,

Flamed weldin' into one keen sword

Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder
A splendid flash!—but how'd the grasp
With sech a chance ez that wuz tally?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—
Half this, half that, all shilly-shally

More men? More Man! It's there we
fail,

Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin'

"MR. BIGLOW"

Wut use in addin' to the tail
When it's the head's in need o' strength-
enin'?

We wanted one that felt all Chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin'
Square-set with thousand-ton belief
In hum an' us, ef earth went rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw
Bout doin' things till they wuz done
with —

He'd smashed the tables o' the Law
In time o' need to load his gun with
He couldn't see but jest one side —
Ef his, twuz God's, an' that wuz plenty
An' so his *Forrands!* multiplied
An' army's fightin' weight by twenty

But this ere histin' creak, creak, creak,
Your cappin' a heart up with a derrick,
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak
Out of a half-discouraged hay tick
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
For one sharp purpose mongst the
twitter —

I tell ye it does land o' stunt
The peth an' spirit of a critter

In six months where'll the People be
Ef leaders look on revolution

LATEST VIEWS OF

Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—
Jest social el'ments in, solution?
This weighin' things doos wal enough
When war cools down, an' comes to
writin',
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'

Democ'acy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor,
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser
I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders

But 'pears to me I see some signs
Thet we're agoin' to use our senses
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses,
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
South, North, East, West, where'er you
find it,
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,
D'ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't
grind it?

D'ye spouse, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
Ole Hick'ry'd tried his head to sof'n

"MR BIGLOW

So s twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick.
Thet's made our side see stars so of n?
No! hed ha thundered on your
knees
An own one flag, one road to glory!
Soft heartedness, in times like these
Shows sof'ness in the upper story!"

An why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't agoin to lib rate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation
The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human
It's common (ex a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o woman.

So we're all right, an I fer one,
Don't think our cause'll lose in vally
By rammin Scriptur in our gun
An gittin Natur fer an ally
Thank God, say I fer even a plan
To lift one human bein's level
Give one more chance to make a man,
Or anyhow to spile a devil!

Not that I m one that much expect
Millennium by express to-morrer
They will miscarry —I rec'lec
Tu many on em, to my sorror

LATEST VIEWS OF

Men ain't made angels in a day,
No matter how you mould an' labour
'em,—

Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay
With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,
An' wants the banns read right
ensuin',

But Fact wun't noways wear the ring
'Thout years o' settin' up an' wooin',

Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate
Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,
An' Good can't never come tu late,
Though it doos seem tu try an' linger

An' come wut will, I think it's grand
Abe's gut his will et last bloom-
furnaced

In trial-flames till it'll stand
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest
Thet's wut we want,—we want to know
The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery

Set the two forces foot to foot,
An' every man knows who'll be winner,
Whose faith in God hez ary root
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner

MR BIGLOW

Then twill be felt from pole to pole
Without no aged o proclamation
Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul
An risen up Earth's Greatest Nation !

-

Kettelopotomachia



P Ovidi Nasonis carmen heroicum macaronicum perplexametrum, inter Getas getico more compostum, denuo per medium ardenter spiritualem, adjuvante mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo Conradi Schwarzi umbræ, aliis necnon plurimis adjuvantibus, restitutum

LIBER I

Punctorum garretos colens et cellara Quinque,
Gutteribus quae et gaudes sundayam
abstingere frontem,
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore
Tanglepedem quem homines appellant Di
quoque rotgut,
Pimpludis, rubicundaque, Musa, O bourbonolensque,
Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogipotentis
Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta remittit,
Linquens, eximios celebrem, da, Virginenses

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Rowdes, praecipue et Tex, heros alte
Polardo! 10
Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lictos
Colemane, Tylere, nec vos oblitione re-
linquam.

Ampla aquilae invictae fausto est sub teg-
mine terra,
Backyfer oolakeo pollens ebanoquo
bipede
Socors praendum et altrix (denique quid-
ruminantium) 15
Duplefveorum uberrima illis et integre
cordi est
Deplere assiduo et sine proprio incommodo
fiscum
Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictaque
secuti,
Goosam aureos ni eggos voluissent immo-
nocare
Quao peperit, saltem ac de illis melliora
merentem. 20
Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captinus
inclytus ille
Regis Ulyssae instar docti arcum inten-
dere longum
Condidit ille Johnsmith Virginiamque
vocavit,
Settleddit autem Jacobus rex, nomine
primus,

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque
deboshtis, 25

Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis
Wenchisque illi quas poterant seducere
nuptas

Virgineum, ah, littus matronis talibus
impar!

Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stigma-
mate ducunt

Multi sese qui jactant regum esse
nepotes 30

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quae nuper
habebas

Bello fortis, consilio cautos, virtute decoros,
Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in san-
guine virtus,

Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris
reducta!

De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora
tanta, 35

Letcheris et Floyd's magnisque Extra-
ordine Billis,

Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere
wordum,

Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere
clam bowiknifo,

Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice
lauro,

Larrupere et nigerum, factum praestantius
ullo 40

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Ast chlamydem piciplumatum Icariam
filo et ineptam
Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido
rallo
Insuper scri equitare docere est hospitio
ut.
Neacio an ille Polardus duplesveoribus
ortus,
Sed reputo potius de radice poorwiteman-
orum 45
Fortuiti proles, ni fallor Tylerus erat
Praesidus, omnibus ab Whiggis nominatus
a poor cuss
Et nobilis tertium evincit venerabile no-
men
Ast animosi omnes bellisque ad tympana
hai hai
Vociferant laeti procul et si proella sive go
Hostem incautum atsito possunt shooteris
salvi
Imperique capaces esset si stylus
agmen
Pro dulci spollabant et sine dangere
fito.
Prae ceterisque Polardus si Secessia
ficta,
Se nunquam electurum jurat res et un
heardoſ 55
Verbo haec sit similisque audaci roosteri
invicto

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whoppere
molles,
Grantum, hirelingos stripes quiue et
splendida tollunt
Sidera, et Yankos, territum et omnem
sarsuit orbem
Usque dabant operam isti omnes, noctes-
que diesque, 60
Samuelem demulgere avunculum, id vero
siccum,
Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est culpa,
remotis,
Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora minima,
quaerunt,
Lacticarentem autem et droppam viv in die
dantem,
Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant, reddite
pappam! 65
Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy immur-
murat, Extra,
Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo, pap-
pam!
Frustra explorant pocketa, ruber nare re-
pertum,
Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapta, et Para-
disum
Occlusum, viridesque haud illis nascere
backos, 70
Stupent tunc oculis madidis spittantque
silenter

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Adhibere usu ast longo vires prorsus
inepti

Si non ut qui grindeat axi trabemro
revolvat , Virginiam excruciant totus nunc mightib
matrem

Non melius, puta, nono panis dimidiumne
est?

Readere ibi non posse est casus com- 75
moner ullo

Tanto intentius imprimere est opus ergo
statuta

Nemo propterea peior melior sine doubto
Obtinent qui contractum si et postea rhino
Ergo Polardus, si quis inexsuperabilis
heros,

Colemanus impavidus nondum atque in 80
purpure natus

Tylerus Iohanides celerisque in filio
Nathaniel

Quisque optans digitos in tantum stickere
pium

Adstant accincti imprimere aut per rumpere
leges

Quales os miserum subidi tres negro
molossi

Quales aut dubium textum atra in resto 85
ministrari

Tales circumstabant nunc nostri inopes hoc
Job

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Hisque Polardus voce canoro talia
fatus

Primum autem, veluti est mos, preeceps
quisque liquorat,

Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid inserit
atrum,

Heroum nitidum decus et solamen avi-
tum,

Masticat ac simul altisonans, spittatque
profuse

Quis de Virginia meruit praestantius
unquam?

Quis se pro patria curavit impigre tutum?

Speechisque articulisque hominum quis
fortior ullus,

Ingeiminans pennae licks et vulnera vocis?

Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit Yankini-
micos,

Saepius aut dedit ultro datam et broke
his parolam?

Mente inquassatus solidaque, tyranno
minante,

Horrisonis (hic) bombis moenia et alta
quatente,

Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yankos
lickere centum,

Atque ad lastum invictus non surrendidit
unquam?

Ergo haud meddlite, posco, mique relin-
quite (hic) hoc job,

AETTELOPOTONACHIA

Si non — knifumque enormous monstrat
spittat quo trepidus.

Dixerat ast nū reliquorant et sine
pauso } ros

Pluggos incumbunt maxillis uterque
viciissim

Certamine innocuo valde madidam laqui-
nat asseci

Tylerus autem dumque liquorat aridus
hostis

Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem as-
tante Lyaco

Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen impia
verba 110

Duplum quamvis te aspicio, eses atque
virginti

Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic) thrash-
erem acervum

Nempe et thrasham doggonatus (hic) sun-
nisi faxem

Lambastabo omnes catawompositer (hic)
que chawam!

Dixit et impulsus Ryeo ruitur bene
titus, 115

Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem habet
in hatto.

Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus optat
et illum

Stickero inertiem protagit autem site
Lyaeus,

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

- Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitantibus,
heros
Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque ex cogi-
tat utrum 120
Primum in pitchere, corruit, inter utrosque
recumbit,
Magno asino similis nimio sub pondere
quassus
Colemanus hos moestus, triste ruminans-
que solamen,
Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque
cubantes,
Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde
solutis, 125
Sternitur, invalidusque illis superincidit
infans,
Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt cornison-
antes,
Watchmanus inscios ast calybooso deinde
reponit.

Mr Hosea Biglow
to the Editor of the
Atlantic Monthly

Dear Sir — Your letter come to han
Requestin me to please be funny
But I ain't made upon a plan
Thet knows wut's comin gall or honey
Ther's times the world does look so queer
Odd fancies come afore I call em
An then agin for half a year
No preacher 'thout a call's more solemn.

You're n want o sunthin light an cute
Rattlin an shrewd an han o jingleish
An wish pervidin it ould suit,
I'd take an citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jakin no, I thankee
Then fore I know it, my ideas
Run helter skelter into Yankee.

Seaco I begun to scribble rhyme
I tell ye wut, I hadn't ben foolin
The parson's books life, death an time
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin

TO THE EDITOR

Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a
woman,

Why, th' ain't a bird up^j i the tree
But half forgives my bein' human

An' yit I love th' unhighschooled way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger,
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
While book-froth seems to whet your
hunger,

For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can
match it,
An' then it helvess my thoughts ez slick
EZ stret-grained hickory doos a hatchet

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,
For Natur won't put up with gullin',
Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein
Live thoughts ain't sent for, thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sun-
wards

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin'
thick

Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,

TO THE EDITOR

An into ary place could stick
Without no bother nor objection
But sence the } ar my thoughts hang
back }
Ex though I wanted to enlist em
An substitutes —they don't never lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've enlist
em.

Nothin don't seem like wut it was
I can't see wut there is to hinder
An fit my brains ses go buzz buzz
Like bumblebees agin a winter
Fore these times come in all earth's
soa
Ther was one quiet place my head n.
Where I could hide an think,—but now
It's all one teeter hopin' dreadin'

Where's Peace? I start some clear-blown
night
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an
number
An creakin' cross the snow-crus white.
Walk the col starlight into summer
Up grows the moon an swell by swell
Thru the pale pasture silvers dimmer
Than the last smile that strives to tell
O love gone heavenward in its shin-
gler

TO THE EDITOR

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring er bees o' clover,
They filled my heart w/ⁱ livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over,
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastured cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle

Indoors an' out by spells I try,
Ma'am Natur keeps her spin-wheel
goin',
But leaves my natur stiff and dry
EZ fiel's o' clover arter mowin',
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wuss than ef she took to swearin'

Snowflakes come whisperin' on the pane,
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present,
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flap-
pin'
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'

TO THE EDITOR

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshing makes em all sweet
scented

An hear among their furry boughs
The baskin west wind purr contented,
While 'way o'erhead ex sweet an low
Ex distant bells that ring for meetin
The wedged wil geese their bugles blow
Further an further South retreatin

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence
The farm smokes, sweetes' sight on earth
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin
Seem kin o' sad an roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin snows
An rattles dismon's from his granite
Timo wur, he snatched away my prose
An into psalms or satires ran it
But he nor all the rest that once
Started my blood to country dances
Can't set me goin more'n a dunce
Thet hain't no use for dreams an
fancies.

TO THE EDITOR

Rat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet foller'd once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps
climb'in',
EZ long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,

TO THE EDITOR

Leavin life's paupers dry ex dust
To try an make believe fill their places
Nothin but tell us wut we miss
There's gaps our lives can't never say in
An that world seems so fur from this
Left for us loafers to grow grey in!

My eyes cloud up for rain my mouth
Will take to twitchin round the corners
I pity mothers, tu down South
For all they set among the scorners
I'd sooner take my chance to stan
At Judgment where your meanest slave
is,
Than at God's bar hol up a han
Ex drippin red ex yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honour lost an dear ones wasted
But proud to meet a people proud
With eyes that tell o triumph tasted!
Come with han grippin on the hilt
An step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin for you our spirits wait
Like shipwrecked men's on raft's for
water

Come while our country feels th lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin Forwards!"

TO THE EDITOR

An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards'
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cros~~s~~ with lips thet
quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered'

Mr Hosea Big
low's Speech in
March Meeting

I don't much s'pose hows ever I should
plen it,
I could git boosted into th House or
Sennit,—
Nut while the two-legged gab-mach ne s
so plenty
Nablin one man to du the talk o twenty
I'm one o them that finds it ruther hard
To mannyfactur wisdom by the yard
An maysure off accordin to demand
The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on
hand,
The same ole pattern runnin thru an thru
An nothin but the customer that's new
I sometimes think the furder on I go
Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know
An when I've settled my Idees I find
Twarz t I shoered most in makin up my
mind
Twuz this an that an t other thing that
done it,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn't seek nor
shun it

Mos' folks go off so quick now in dis-
cussion,

All th' ole flint locks seemis altered to per-
cussion,

Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint
Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint,
Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit,
For th' ole Queen's-arm hez this pertickler
merit,—

It gives the mind a hahnsome wedth o'
margin

To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin',
I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—
No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't
bear

Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare

Ez I wuz say'n', I hain't no chance to
speak

So's 't all the country dreads me onct a
week,

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head
Thet sets to home an' thinks wut *might*
be said,

The sense thet grows an' werrits under-
neath,

Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,

MR JOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An git so el'kent sometimes, to my gardin
Thet I don vally public life a fardin
Our Parson Wilbur (blessin's on his head!)
Mongst other ~~stories~~ of ole times he
hed

Talked of a feller that rehearsed his spreads
Beforehan to his rows o kebbige-heads
(Ef twarn't Demossenes, I gues twuz
Slaro)

Appealin fust to that an then to this
row

Accordin ex he thought that his idees
Their diff'runt ev'rige o brains ould
please

An "sez the Parson to hit right you
must

Git used to maysurin your hearers fust
For take my word for't when all's come
an past

The kebbige-heads'll calr the day et last
Th ain't ben a meetun sence the worl
begun

But they made (raw or biled ones) ten to
one."

I've allus foun em I allow sence then
About ex good for talkin tu ex men
They'll take advice like other folks to
keep
(To use it ould be holdin ont tu cheap)

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They listen wal, don' kick up when you
scold 'em,
An' ef they've tongues, ~~ha~~ sense enough
to hold 'em,
Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose
the breed,
I gin'lly keep 1 score or so for seed,
An' when my sappiness gits spry in spring,
So's 't my tongue itches to run on full
swing,
I sin' 'em ready-planted in March meetin',
Warm ez a lyceum audience in their
greetin',
An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the
fence,—
Comin', ez't doos, entirely free 'f expense
This year I made the follerin' observations
Extrump'ry, like most other tri'l's o'
patience,
An', no reporters bein' sent express
To work their abstracies up into a mess,
Ez like th' orig'nal ez a woodcut pictur
Thet chokes the life out like a boy-con-
strictor,
I've writ 'em out, an' so wide all jeal'sies
'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's
else's

(NB — Reporters gin'lly git a hint
To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An ex I hev t report myself I vum
I'll put th ~~applauses~~ where they'd ~~ough~~
to come')

My FELLER KEEBAGE-HEADS who look so
green

I vow to gracious that if I could dreen
The world of all its hearers but jest you,
Twould leave 'bout all tha is wuth talkin
to

An you, my venerable ol friends, that show
Upon your crowns a sprinklin o March
snow

Ex ef mild Time had christened every
sense

For wisdom's church o second innocence
Nut Ages winter no no sech a thing
But jest a kin o slippin-back o spring —

[Sev'ril noses blowed.]

We've gathered here, ex ushle, to decide
Which is the Lord's an which is Satan's
side,

Cox all the good or evil that can happen
Is 'long o which on em you choose for
Cappen. [Cries o Thet's so!"]

Apruls come back the swellin buds of
oak

Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish
smoke

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The brooks are loose, an', singing to be
seen

(Like gals), make all the ~~rollers~~ soft an'
green,

The birds are here, for all the season's
late,

They take the sun's height an' don' never
wait,

Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring

Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard
wing,

An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,
Can't by the music tell the time o' year,
But that white dove Carliny scared away,
Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day,
Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an' build
last year

An' coo by every housedoor, isn't here,—
No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,
Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war!
O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they
could see

The begnet-pint there is to an idee!

[Sensation]

Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in
steel,

They run your soul thru an' you never
feel,

But crawl about an' seem to think you're
livin',

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Poor shells o men nut wuth the Lord's
forgivin

Till you come blnt agin a real live fact
An go to pieces when you d ough to ect!
Thet kin o begnet's wut we're crossin now
An no man fit to nevvigate a scow
Ould stan expectin help from Kingdom
Come,
While t other side driv their cold iron
home.

My frien's you never gethered from my
mouth

No nut one word agin the South or
South

Nor th aint a livin man, white brown
nor black,

Gladder'n wut I should be to take em
back

But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust
To write up on his door "No goods on
trust"

[Cries of "Thet's the ticket!"]
Give us cash down in ekle laws for all
An they'll be snug inside afore nex fall
Give wut they ask, an we shell hev
jamaker

Wuth minus some considerable an acre
Give wut they need an we shell git fore
long

MR 'HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

A nation all one piece, rich, peaceful,
strong,

Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin
To love their country e^t, they loved their
sin,

Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a
sore

Ready to fester ez it done afore
No mortle man can boast of perfic vision,
But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,
An' th' ain't no futur for the man nor state
Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great
Some folks 'ould call that reddikle, do
you?

'Twuz commonsense afore the war wuz
thru,

That loaded all our guns an' made 'em
speak

So's 't Europe heared 'em clearn across the
creek,

"They're drivin' o' their spiles down now,"
sez she,

"To the hard grennit o' God's fust idee,
Ef they reach that, Democ'cy needn't fear
The tallest airthquakes we can git up
here "

Some call 't insultin' to ask *ary* pledge,
An' say 'twill only set their teeth on edge,
But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I ever
see,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Are 'bout ez mad \times they wal know how
to be
It's better than $\{$ the Rebs themselves ex-
pected
Fore they see Uncle Sam will down hen-
peected
Be kind \times you please but fustly make
things fast
For plain Truth's all the kindness thet'll
last
Ef treason is a crime ez some folks say
How could we punish it a milder way
Than sayin to em Brethren lookee
here,
We'll jes' divide things with ye sheer an
sheer
An sence both come o poaty strong-backed
daddies --
You take the Darkies, ez we ve took the
Paddies
Igant an poor we took em by the hand
An they're the bones an sinners o the
land."
I ain't o them thet fancy there's a loss on
Every inves'ment thet don't start from
Bos on
But I know this our money's safest
trusted
In sunthin come wut will thet can't be
busted,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An' thet's the old Amerikin idce,
To make a man a Man an' let him be
EZ for their l'yality, don't take a goad to't,
But I do want to block their only road to't
By lettin' 'em believe that they can git
Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little wit
I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to lee-
ward

'Thout we can put more stiffenin' into
Seward,

He seems to think Columby'd better ect
Like a scared widder with a boy stiff-
necked

Thet stomps an' swears he wun't come
in to supper,

She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez
Tupper,

Keepin' the Constitootion on to warm,
Tell he'll except her 'pologies in form,
The neighbours tell her he's a cross-grained
cuss

Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to wuss,
"No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez good 'z
the best,

All he wants now is sugar plums an' rest,"
"He sarsed my Pa," sez one, "He stoned
my son,"

Another edds "Oh, wal, 'twuz jes' his
fun "

{ [Gret applause]

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

He tried to shoot our Uncle Sam well dead."

"Twuz only tryin a noo gun he hed.

Wal all we ask's to her it understood
You'll take his gun away from him for good

We don't wal nut exactly like his play
Seelin he allus kin o shoots our way
You kill your fatted calves to no good end,

"Thout his fust sayin Mother I hav sinned!"

[Amen! " from Deacon Greenleaf]

The Presidunt *he* thinks thet the slickest plan

Ould be t allow thet he's our on'y man
An thet we fit thru all thet dresle war
Jes for his private glory an eclar

Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he

"Thout he agrees thru thick an thin with me

Warn't Andrew Jackson's initials jes like mine?

An ain't thet sunthin like a right divine
To cut up ex kentenkerous ex I please

An trent your Congress like a nest o fleas?"

Wal I expec the People wouldn care if

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The question now wuz techin' bank or tariff,
But I conclude they've 'b^rut made up their min'
This ain't the fittest time to go it blin',
Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics swings,
But goes 'way down amongst the roots o' things,
Coz Sumner talked o' whitewashin' one day
They wun't let four years' war be throwed away
"Let the South hev her rights?" They say, "Thet's you!"
But nut greb hold of other folks's tu"
Who owns this country, is it they or Andy?
Leastways it ough' to be the People *and* he,
Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,
But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co
[Laughter]
Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble numbers think thet the job wuz taken by Columbus
Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?
Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power *hes* riz
Did he put thru the rebbles, clear the docket,
An' pay th' expenses out of his own pocket?

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

If that's the case, then everythin I exes
Is t'hev him come an pay my ennoonal
taxes. [Profoun sensation]
Wasn't he that shoudered all them million
guns?

Did he lose all the fathers brothers, sons?
Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment that we run
A kin o' sulky made to kerry one?
An is the country goin to knuckle down
To hev Smith sort their letters stid o
Brown?

Who wuz the 'Nited States fore Richmon
fell?

Wuz the South needful their full name to
spell?

An can't we spell it in that shorthan
way

Till th underpinnin a settled so's to stay?
Who cares for the Resolves of '61

Thet tried to coax an airtfiquake with a
bun?

Hex actly nothin taken place sence then
To larn folks they must hendlle facts like
men?

Ain't ~~this~~ the true p'int? Did the Rebs
aceep em?

If nut, whose fault is't that we hevn't
kep em?

Warn't there two sides? an don't it stand
to reason

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't las'
week's treason?

When all these sums is ~~done~~, with nothin'
missed,

An' nut afore, this school'll be dismissed

I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen't with
eyes

Thet when the war wuz over copper'd rise,
An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our kettle
'Twould need Leviathan's whole skin to
settle

I thought 'twould take about a generation
'Fore we could wal begin to be a nation,
But I allow I never did imagine

'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould drive
a wedge in

To keep the split from closin' ef it could,
An' healin' over with new wholesome wood,
For th' ain't no chance o' healin' while
they think

Thet law an' gov'ment's only printer's ink,
I mus' confess I thank him for discoverin'
The curus way in which the States are
sovereign,

They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,
But when they fin' it's costly to raise h—,

[A groan from Deac'n G]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'tive
reason,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They're most too much so to be fettched
for treason

They can't go ~~out~~, but if they somehow
~~do~~

Their sovereignty don't noways go out
tu

The State goes out the sovereignty don't
stir

But stays to keep the door ajar for her
He thinks secession never took em out,
An mebby he's correc but I misdoubt
Ef they warn't out then why n the
name o glo

Make all this row 'bout lettin of em in?
In law p'raps nut but there's a diff'rence
ruther

Betwixt your mother n-law an real mother
[Derisive cheers.]

An I for one shall wish they'd all been
~~someses~~

Long's U S texes are sech reg'lar comers.
But, O my patience! must we wriggle
back

Into th ole crooked, pettyfoggin track
When our artily wheels a road hav cut
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut?
War's jes dead waste except to wipe the
state

Clean for the cyphrin of some nobler fate
[Applause]

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Ez for dependin' on their oaths an' thet,
'Twun't bind 'em more'n the ribbin roun'
 my het,

I heared a fable once from Othniel Starns,
That pints it slick ez weathercocks do
 barns

Onct on a time the wolves hed certing
 rights

Inside the fold, they used to sleep there
 nights

An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they took
Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a book,
But somehow, when the dogs hed gut
 asleep,

Their love o' mutton beat their love o'
 sheep,

Till gradilly the shepherds come to see
Things warn't agoin' ez they'd ough' to
 be,

So they sent off a deacon to remonstrate
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to go
 on straight,

They didn't seem to set much by the deacon,
Nor preachin' didn't cow 'em, nut to speak
 on,

Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go out an'
 stay,

An' hev their fill o' mutton every day,
Then dogs an' shepherds, after much hard
 dammin', [Groan from Deac'n G]

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Turned tu an give em a tormented
lammin
An sez, Ye ~~saw~~ n't go out the murrain
rot ye,
To keep us wastin half our time to watch
ye!"
But then the question come How live
together
Thout losin sleep nor nary yew nor
wether?
Now therero wuz some dogs (noways wuth
their keep)
Thet sheered their cousins tastes an
sheered the sheep
They sez Be gin rous, let em swear right
ln,
An ef they backslid let em swear
agin
Jes' let em put on sheep-skins whilst they're
swearin
To ask for more ould be beyond all
bearin"
Be gin rous for yourselves where you're
to pay
Thet's the best practice," sez a shepherd
grey
Ex for their oaths they wun't be wuth
a button
Long z you don't cure em o their taste
for mutton;

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Th' ain't but one solid way, how'er you
puzzle

Tell they're convert'd, let 'em wear a
muzzle" [Cries of "Bully for you!"]
(

I've noticed thet each half-baked schemie's
abettors

Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters
Writ by all sorts o' never-heared-on sellers,
'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in bellers,
I've noticed, tu, it's the quack med'cine
gits

(An' needs) the grettest heaps o' stiffykits,
[Two pothekeries goes out]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all-fours,
I hain't ast no man to endorse my course,
It's full ez cheap to be your own endorser,
An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the saucer,
But I've some letters here from t'other side,
An' them's the sort thet helps me to decide,
Tell me for wut the copper-comp'nies
hanker,

An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe to
anchor [Faint hiss]

Fus'ly the Hon'ble B O Sawin writes
Thet for a spell he couldn't sleep o' nights,
Puzzlin' which side wuz preudentest to
pin to,

Which wuz th' ole homestead, which the
temp'ry leanto,

MR HOSEA BIGLOV'S SPEECH

Et fust he jedged twould right side-up his
pan

To come out ex' a ridge nail Union man
But now " he sez, I ain't nut quite so
freak

The winnin horse is goin to be Secesh
You might las spring hav eas'ly walked
the course,

Fore we contrived to doctor th Union
horse

Now we're the ones to walk aroun the
nex track

Jes you take hold an read the follerin
extrac

Out of a letter I received last week
From an ole frien that never sprung a
leak,

A Nothun Democrat o th ole Jersey blue
Born copper-sheathed an copper fastened
tu."

These four years past it hev ben tough
To say which side a seller went for
Guideposts all gone roads muddy n
rough

An nothin duin wut twuz meant for
Pickets a-sirin left an right,
Both sides a lettin rip et sight —
Lisp warn't wuth hardly payin rent for

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

"Columby gut her back up so,
It warn't no use a-tryin' to stop her,—
War's emptin's riled her very dough
An' made it rise an' act improper,
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,
'Thout hevin' to sell out my copper

"Afore the war your mod'rit men
Could set an' sun 'em on the fences,
Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then
Jump off which way bes' paid expenses,
Sence, 'twuz so resky ary way,
I didn't hardly darst to say
I 'greed with Paley's Evidences

[Groan from Deac'n G]

"Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence
Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail on't,
Headin' your party with a sense
O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,
And tryin' to think thet, on the whole,
You kin' o' quasi your own soul
When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale on't?

[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman]

"Come peace, I sposed thet folks 'ould like
Their pol'tics done agin by proxy,
Give their noo loves the bag an' strike
A fresh trade with their reg'lar doxy,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

But the drag's broke now slavery's gone
An there's gret risk they'll blunder on
Ef they ain't stopped to real Democ'y

We've gut an' awful row to hoe
In this era job o' reconstructin'
Folks dunno skurte which way to go
Where th' ain't some boghole to be ducked
In

But one thing's clear there is a crack
Ef we pry hard 'twixt white an' black
Where the old makebate can be tucked in

No white man sets in earth's broad aisle
Thet I ain't willin' t' own ez brother
An ef he's heppened to strike ill
I dunno finly but I'd rather
An Paddies long as they vot all right
Though they ain't jest a nat rat white
I hold one on em good as another

[Applause]

Wut is there lef' I'd like to know
Ef 'ain't the difference o' colour
To keep up self-respec' an' show
The human natur of a fullah?
Wut good in bein' white unless
It's fixed by law nut lef' to guess,
That we are smarter an' they duller?

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,
'Twun't du to 'low no competition,
Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites
Ain't safe unless we stop th' emission
O' these noo notes, whos~~t~~ specie base
Is human natur', 'thout no trace
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition

[Continued applause]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn' jedge
Aboard wut boat I'd best take pessige,
My brains all mincemeat, 'thout no edge
Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,
But now it seems ez though I see
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto message

"I like the speech best, I confess,
The logic, preudence, an' good taste on't,
An' it's so mad, I ruther guess
There's some dependence to be placed
on't, [Laughter]

It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,
Out o' the allies o' J D
A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's thru
An' dug his Presidential grave is,
An' *then!*—who knows but we could slew
The country roun' to put in—? ,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Wun't some folks rare up when we pull
Out o' their eyes our Union wool
An larn 'em wat a p'lit cle shave is!

O did it seem, 'z ef Providence
Could ever send a second Tyler?
To see the South all back to once,
Reapin the spiles o' the Freeaile
Is cute ez though an ingineer
Should claim th old iron for his sheer
Car't was himself that bust the biller!"

[Great laughter]

Thet tells the story! Thet's wut we still
git

By tryin squirtguns on the burnin Pit
For the day never comes when it'll du
To kick off Dooty like a worn-out shoe.
I seem to hear a whisperin in the air
A sighin like, of unconsoled despair
Thet comes from nowhere an from every
where,

An seems to say Why died we? wan't
it, then

To settle, once for all thet men wuz men?
Oh altho's sweet cup snatched from us
barely tasted

The grave's real chill is feelin life wuz
wasted!

Oh you wo lef' long-singern at the door

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the more,
Thet Death, not we, had conquered, we
should feel

Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,
An' unregretful throwed us all away
To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holiday!"

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to long
enough

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're tough,
My lungs are sound, an' our own v'ice
delights

Our ears, but even kebbige-heads hez
rights

It's the las' time that I shell e'er address
ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tormentor
bless ye!

[Tumult'ous applause and cries of
"Go on!" "Don't stop!"]

My Love

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear
Her glorious fancies come from far
Beneath the silver evening-star
And yet her heart is ever near

II

Great feelings hath she of her own
Which lesser souls may never know
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow

III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

MY LOVE

IV

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise,
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes

V

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth

VI

Blessing she is God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless

VII

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize,
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes

MY LOVE

viii

She is a woman one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

ix

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might
Which by high tower and lowly mill
Goes wandering at its own sweet will
And yet doth ever flow aright.

x

And on its full deep breast serene
Like quiet isles my duties lie
It flows around them and between
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die

The Street



They pass me by like shadows, crowds on
crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin
shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago
They trampled on their youth, and faith,
and love,
They cast their hopes of human-kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly
strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned
to clay
Lo! how they wander round the world,
their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
“We, only, truly live, but ye are dead”
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may
trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

Hunger and Cold



Sisters two all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue
To the poor man you've been true
From of old
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen temporize
Painted are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
Grim and bold
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught
You're too honest to be bought
Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door
While the mass of men are poor
Naked truth grows more and more
Uncontrolled

HUNGER AND COLD

You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,
Hunger and Cold!

(

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
 Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer,
Little dream they you are near,
 Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
 On his gold
Everything to you defers,
You are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
 Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
 Cannot hold
You're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied,

HUNGER AND COLD

*

Somehow God is on your side
Hunger and Cold!

You respect no hoary wrong
More for having triumphed long
Its past victims, haggard throng
From the mould

You unbury swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your silent years
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower
Through the window you will glower
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled

Cheeks are pale, but hands are red
Guiltless blood may chance be shed
But ye must and will be fed,

Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil
Some were made to starve and toil
Some to share the wine and oil
We are told

Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please
Hunger and Cold!

HUNGER AND COLD

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be by Pity led
 To Love's fold,
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
 Hunger and Cold!

To the Dandellion o o

Dear common flower that growst beside the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold
First pledge of blithesome May
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold
High-hearted buccaneers enjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear
to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease
'Tis the Spring's largess which she scatters now

TO THE DANDELION

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime,
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time

Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed bee

Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through

TO THE DANDELION

Some woodland gap and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb
doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee

The sight of thee calls back the robin's
song

Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door sang clearly all day long
And I secure in childish piety
Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven which he
could bring

Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou for all thy gold so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look

On all these living pages of God's book.

Ode to France



FEBRUARY, 1848

I

As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noise-
less snow,

Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin
launches,

And the blind havoc leaps unwarned
below,

So grew and gathered through the silent
years

The madness of a People, wrong by
wrong

There seemed no strength in the dumb
toiler's tears,

No strength in suffering, but the Past
was strong

The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and
snapped its bands,

Groped for its right with horny, callous
hands,

ODE TO FRANCE

Not徒徒 around for God with b
hut

What were it if the palm were all
too hard

For now I sing of what I meant
thus —

They who thick am were thin
Had shamed with th lightning of I
was

Down with the impudence and dox of man

When down the were set with the
fire

In the crooked mulier and the f
the lone

Set wrong i taken up
And giv died now will we

II

They d I as they were taught not the
th them

If men who scattered so broad trap
the Game

They trampled I carried with their savage
fet

And by her golden tresses drew

Merry along the pavement of the street
O Freedom! Freedom! I thy meanin
dox



ODE TO FRANCE

Courte was the hand that scrawled, and
With th' ink
Rude was their scote as to its unlettered
men —
Wretched with a hardiment as upon a
block
What manner if when came the evening
shock
Twas we not Cranks held it gen?

IV

With eyes stoned and an awful load upon
Leathingly plies the Mo — through
some of us
Wh m like th' heart of I sprin
and down
Throbs in his hammer'd the lit —
muffled knifc
Slow are th' steps of French in but her
feet
Turns over backward here on I —
glare
Her light is calm and innocent and sweet
And wh m it comes there is no despair
Not first on palace and cathedral p —
Quire and pleans that unconquering fire
While there stand thick as th' her
morning sk —
• The peasant sees it leap from peak to pe —
(2/2) 23 10

ODE TO FRANCE

Along his hills, the craftsman's burning
eyes
Own with cool tears its influence mother-
meek,
It lights the poet's heart up like a star,
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it still
afar,
And twined with golden threads his futile
snare,
That swift, convicting glow all round
him ran,
'Twas close beside him there,
Sunrise, whose Memnon is the soul of
man

v

O Broker-King, is this thy wisdom's fruit?
A dynasty plucked out as 'twere a weed
Grown rankly in a night, that leaves
no seed!
Could eighteen years strike down no deeper
root?
But now thy vulture eye was turned
on Spain,
A shout from Paris, and thy crown falls
off,
Thy race has ceased to reign,
And thou become a fugitive and scoff
Slippery the feet that mount by stairs
of gold,

ODE TO FRANCE

And weakest of all fences one of steel
Go and keep school agenⁿ like him of
old
The Syracusan tyrant —thou mayst feel
—Royal amid a burgh-swayed commonweal!

VII

Not long can he be ruler who allows
His time to run before him thou wast
naught
Soon as the strip of gold about thy brows
Was no more emblem of the People's
thought
Vain were thy bayonets against the foe
Thou hadst to cope with thou didst
wage
War not with Frenchmen merely —no
Thy strife was with the Spirit of the Age
The invisible Spirit whose first breath
divine
Scattered thy frail endeavour
And like poor last year's leaves whirled
thee and thine
Into the Dark for ever!

VIII

Is here no triumph? Nay what though
The yellow blood of Trade meanwhile
should pour

ODE TO FRANCE

Along its arteries a shrunken flow,
And the idle canvas droop around the shore?

These do not make a state,
Nor keep it great,
I think God made

The earth for man, not trade,
And where each humblest human creature
Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,
Erect and kingly in his right of nature,
To heaven and earth knit with harmonious
ties,—

Where I behold the exultation
Of manhood glowing in those eyes
That had been dark for ages,

Or only lit with bestial loves and rages,
There I behold a Nation

The France which lies
Between the Pyrenees and Rhine

Is the least part of France,
I see her rather in the soil whose shine
Burns through the craftsman's grim
countenance.

In the new energy divine
Of Soil's enfranchised glance

VIII

And if it be a dream,—
If the great Future be the little Past

ODE TO FRANCE

'Neath a new mask, which drops and shows at last

The same weird, mocking face to balk and blast,—

Yet, Muse a gladder measure suits the theme,

And the Tyrian harp

Loves notes more resolute and sharp

Throbbing as throbs the bosom hot and fast

Such visions are of morning

Theirs is no vague forewarning

The dreams which nations dream come true,

And shape the world anew

If this be a sleep

Make it long make it deep

O Father who sendest the harvests men reap!

While Labour so sleepeth

His sorrow is gone

No longer he weepeth,

But smileth and steepeth

His thoughts in the dawn

He heareth Hope yonder

Rain, lark like her fancies

His dreaming hands wander

'Mid heart's-ease and pansies

"Tis a dream! "Tis a vision!"

— Shrieks Mammon aghast

ODE TO FRANCE

"The day's broad derision
Will chase it at last,
Ye are mad, ye have taken
A slumbering kraken
For firm hand of the Past!"
Ah! if he waken,
God shield us all then,
If this dream rudely shaken
Shall cheat him again!

IV

Since first I heard our North wind blow,
Since first I saw Atlantic throw
On our fierce rocks his thunderous snow,
I loved thee, Freedom, as a boy
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
Did with a Grecian joy
Through all my pulses run,
But I have learned to love thee now
Without the helm upon thy gleaming brow,
A maiden mild and undefiled
Like her who bore the world's redeeming Child,
And surely never did thine altars glance
With purer fires than now in France.

ODE TO FRANCE

While in their bright white flashes
Wrong's shadow backward cast,
Waves cowering o'er the ashes
Of the dead blaspheming Past
O'er the shapes of fallen giants
His own unburied brood
Whose dead hands clench defiance
At the overpowering Good
And down the happy future runs a flood
Of prophecying light
It shows an Earth no longer stained with
blood
Blossom and fruit where now we see
the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right.

A Parable



Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in
Me"

He passed not again through the gate of
birth,
But made Himself known to the children
of earth

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and
kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all good
things,

Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great"

With carpets of gold the ground they
spread

Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with
kingly fare

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,

A PARABLE

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall
He saw His own image high over all

But still wherever His steps they led
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head
And from under the heavy foundation
stones

The Son of Mary heard bitter groans

And in church and palace, and judgment hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

Have ye founded your thrones and altars then
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?

With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold
I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

A PARABLE

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built,
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land

"Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold Thine earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, Thy sheep "

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin

These set he *in the midst of them*,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said
He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

To Lamartine
1848



I did not praise thee when the crowd
 'Witched with the moment's inspira-
 tion,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud
 And stamped their dusty adoration;
I but looked upward with the rest
And, when they shouted Greatest whis-
 pered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee
 Their sickle wreaths about thee fling-
 ing
So on some marble Phœbus the high sea
 Might leave his worthless seaweed
 clinging
But pious hands, with reverent care
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely
 bare.

Now thou rt thy plain grand self again
 Thou art secure from panegyric,—
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain
 And actedst Freedom's noblest lyric;

TO LAMARTINE, 1848

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a wreath
for thee

Nor can blame cling to thee, the snow
From swinish footprints takes no
staining,
But, leaving the gross soils of earth below,
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,
And unresentful falls again,
To beautify the world with dews and rain

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed
Was laid on thee,—out of wild chaos,
When the roused popular ocean foamed
and chafed,
And vulture War from his Imaus
Snuffed blood, to summon homely Peace,
And show that only order is release

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
Time was not granted? Aye in his-
tory,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo
Left shapeless, grander for its mys-
tery,
Thy great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its blind front from Orients far
away

TO LAMARTINE 1848

Who says thy day is o'er? Control
My heart, that bitter first emotion
While men shall reverence the steadfast
soul.

The heart in silent self-devotion
Breaking the mild heroic mien
Thou'lt need no prop of marble Lamar-
tine.

If France reject thee 'tis not thine
But her own exile that she utters
Ideal France, the deathless the divine
Will be where thy white pennon
flutters,

As once the nobler Athens went
With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting metewand hath To-day
For measuring spirits of thy stature
Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on that lofty nature —
Bard who with some diviner art
Hast touched the bard's true lyre a
nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand the gladdened chords
Crashed now in discords fierce by
others
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of
words,

TO LAMARTINE, 1848

And chimed together, We are brothers
O poem unsurpassed! it ran
All round the world, unlocking man to
man

France is too poor to pay alone
The service of that ample spirit,
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne,
If balanced with thy simple merit,
They had to thee been rust and loss,
Thy aim was higher,—thou hast climbed
a Cross!

Aladdin

When I was a beggarly boy
And lived in a cellar damp
I had not a friend nor a toy
But I had Aladdin's lamp
When I could not sleep for the cold
I had fire enough in my brain
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night
I have money and power good store
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose
You gave and may snatch again
I have nothing twould pain me to lose
For I own no more castles in Spain!

Mahmood the Image- breaker

Old events have modern meanings, only
that survives
Of past history which finds kindred in all
hearts and lives

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader
of the Faith,
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the
legend saith

In the great pagoda's centre, monstrous
and abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the
temple's lord

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by
the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering,
awed the ancient place

MAHMOOD

Then the Brahmins knelt before him by
his doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless
gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood but
of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck
a potent juice.

"Were you stone alone in question this
would please me well"
Mahmood said but, with the block
there, I my truth must sell.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune
as her wheel turns round
He who keeps his faith he only cannot
be disrowned.

Little were a change of station loss
of life or crown
But the wreck were past retrieving if the
Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted smote with
might and main
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling
burst in twain.

MAHMOOD

Luck obeys the downright striker, from
the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged
all the floor

'Ode recited'
at the Harvard
Commemoration,
July 21, 1865

Weak winged is song
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light
We seem to do them wrong
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their
hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
verse,
Our trivial song to honour those who
come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump
and drum
And shaped in squadron strophes their
desire
Live battle odes whose lines were steel
and fire
Yet sometimes feathered words are
strong

ODE RECITED AT THE

A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common
grave

Of the unventurous throng

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes
back

Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
stood

The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it
good

No lore of Greece or Rome,

No science peddling with the names of
things,

Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings

Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
many waits,

And lengthen out our dates

With that clear fame whose memory sings
In manly hearts to come, and nerves
them and dilates

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us
all!

Not such the trumpet-call

Of thy diviner mood,

That could thy sons entice

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

From happy homes and toils the fruitful
neat
Of those half virtues which the world
calls best
 Into War's tumult rude
 But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
 stood
 In the dim unventured wood,
 The VERITAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of whate'er makes life worth living
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath
 the giving

III

Many loved Truth and lavished life's
best oil
And the dust of books to find her
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left
 behind her
Many in sad faith sought for her
Many with crossed hands sighed for
 her
But these our brothers fought for
 her
At life's dear penit wrought for her

ODE RECITED AT THE

So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves
are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare
to do,
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness
round her
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on
them in death

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
glides
Into the silent hollow of the past,
What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the
last?
Is earth too poor to give us

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Something to live for here that shall
outlive us?

Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?

The little that we see
From doubt is never free
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true
With our laborious hiving

What men call treasure and the gods call
dross

Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving
Only secure in every one's conniving
A long account of noughts paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and
desires

Loves, hates, ambitions and immortal
fires,

Are tossed pell-mell together in the
grave.

But stay! no age was ever degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate
For in our likeness still we shape our
fate.

Ab there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer

ODE RECITED AT THE

Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of
heaven,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthy dulness with the beams of
stars,
And glorify our clay
With light from fountains older than
the Day,
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence,
A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not
let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of un-
degenerate years

v

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way
And every turf the fierce foot clings to
bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath
Ere yet the sharp decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
sword

Dreams in its caseful sheath
But some day the live coal behind the
thought

Whether from Baal's stone obscene
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame the war of tongue and
pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was
fraught,

And helpless in the fiery passion caught
Shakes all the pillared state with shock
of men

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely foe-beset pursued,
And cries reproachful Was it, then
my praise

And not myself was loved? Prove now
thy truth

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate.

ODE RECITED AT THE

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate,
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's
solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his
birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he
needs

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and
burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honoured
urn
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Repeating us by rote
For him her Old World moulds aside she
threw

And, choosing sweet clay from the
breast,

Of the unexhausted West
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God
and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed
Who loved his charge, but never loved
to lead

One whose meek flock the people joyed
to be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth

But by his clear-grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust

They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill

And supple-tempered will

That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.

He was no lonely mountain-peak of
mind

Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars

A sea-mark now now lost in vapours
blind

ODE RECITED AT THE

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human
kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
stars

Nothing of Europe¹ here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will,

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with
us face to face

I praise him not, it were too late,
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,

Safe in himself as in a fate

So always firmly he

He knew to bide his time,

And can his fame abide,

Still patient in his simple faith sublime,

Till the wise years decide

Great captains, with their guns and
drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,

But at last silence comes,

These all are gone, and, standing like
a tower,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Our children shall behold his fame
The kindly-earnest brave foreseeing
man
Sagacious patient dreading praise not
blame,
New birth of our new soil the first
American.

171

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring
goal
Outside of Self enduring as the pole
Along whose course the flying axles burn
Of spirits bravely pitched earth's manlier
brood
Long as below we cannot find
The need that stills the inexorable mind
So long this faith to some Ideal Good
Under whatever mortal names it marks
Freedom Law Country this ethereal
mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks
Feeling its challenged pulses leap
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap
And set in Danger's van has all the boon
it asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love
Shall be a wisdom that we set above

ODE RECITED AT THE

All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we en-
wreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear
What brings us thronging these high
rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our
year,
Save that our brothers found this better
way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and
milk,
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as
silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our
best!—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the
rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any
here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my
strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

I sweep them for a paean but they wane
Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away in pain

In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died to
gain

Fitter may others greet the living
For me the past is unsforgiving

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead

Who went, and who return not.—Say not
so!

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay
But the high faith that failed not by the
way

Virtue treads paths that end not in the
grave

No bar of endless night exiles the brave
And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed
behind.

Blow trumpets all your exultations blow!
For never shall their laureoled presence
lack

I see them muster in a gleaming row
With ever youthful brows that nobler show
We find in our dull road their shining
track

ODE RECITED AT THE

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good
Of all our saintlier aspiration,

They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expec-
tation!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from the
grave?
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
wrong
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads
of song?

Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Divorced now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we, poor ghosts of
kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that imperious
gust
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth
blow

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

O visionary world condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only
Change,

Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
still shift and range!

* Shall we to "more continuance make
pretence?

Renown builds tombs a life-estate is Wit
And, bit by bit,

The cunning years steal all from us but
woe

Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
sow

But when we vanish hence,
Shall they be forsooth in the dark below
Save to make green their little length
of sods,

Or deepen pansies for a year or two
Who now to us are shining-sweet as
gods?

Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless but the Soul
resents

Such short-lived service as if blind events
Ruled without her or earth could so
endure

She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents
Whatever she touches doth her nature
share

ODE RECITED AT THE

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
 Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the
 wind,
And her clear trump sings succour every-
 where
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind,
For soul inherits all that soul could dare
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden
 tears,
Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
 years,
But that high privilege that makes all
 men peers,
That leap of heart whereby a people rise
 Up to a noble anger's height,
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,
 but grow more bright,
That swift validity in noble veins
Of choosing danger and disdaining
 shame,
 Of being set on flame
By the pure fire that flies all contact
 base,
But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
 These are imperishable gains,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Sure as the sun medicinal as light
These hold great futures in their lusty
reins

And certify to earth a new imperial race.

•
x

Who now shall sneer?

Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?

Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
loud

Dream footed as the shadow of a cloud
They fit across the ear

That is best blood that hath most iron in it
To edge resolve with pouring without
stint

For what makes manhood dear

Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs and Guelfs, whose thin blood
crawls

Down from some victor in a border brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
wreath

Our brave for honour's blazon shall be-
queath

Through whose desert a rescued Nation
sets

ODE RECITED AT THE

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen
ears

With vain resentments and more vain
regrets!

c

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude,
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,

To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates
our brave

Lift the heart and lift the head!

Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation

Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an
hour

Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!

'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of
Fate,



HARVARD COMMEMORATION

But the pith and marrow of a
Nation

Drawing force from all her men
Highest, humblest, weakest all
For her time of need and then
Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall
Touched but in passing by her mantle
hem.

Come back, then noble pride, for 'tis her
dower!

How could poet ever tower
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom cannon boom to all the winds and
waves!

Clash out glad bells, from every rocking
steeples!

Banners advance with triumph bend your
staves!

And from every mountain-top
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon
speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock Whiteface
he

And so leap on in sight from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent

ODE RECITED AT THE

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe
braver

“Be proud! for she is saved, and all have
helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the
poor,

She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all
mankind!

The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
more,

From her bold front the helm she doth
unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back
to spin,

And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thun-
ders in,

Swimming like birds of calm along
the unharful shore

No challenge sends she to the elder
world,

That looked askance and hated, a
light scorn

Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
mighty knees

She calls her children back, and
waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between her
subject seas ”



HARVARD COMMEMORATION

xii

Bow down dear Land, for thou hast found
release!

Thy God, in these distempered days
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
chised brow

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishvelled
hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other
wore,

And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it
Among the Nations bright beyond com-
pare?

What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee
We will not dare to doubt thee
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!